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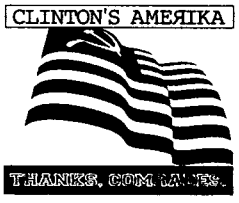

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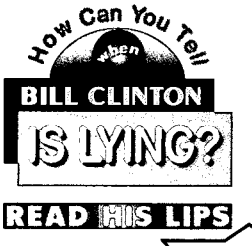

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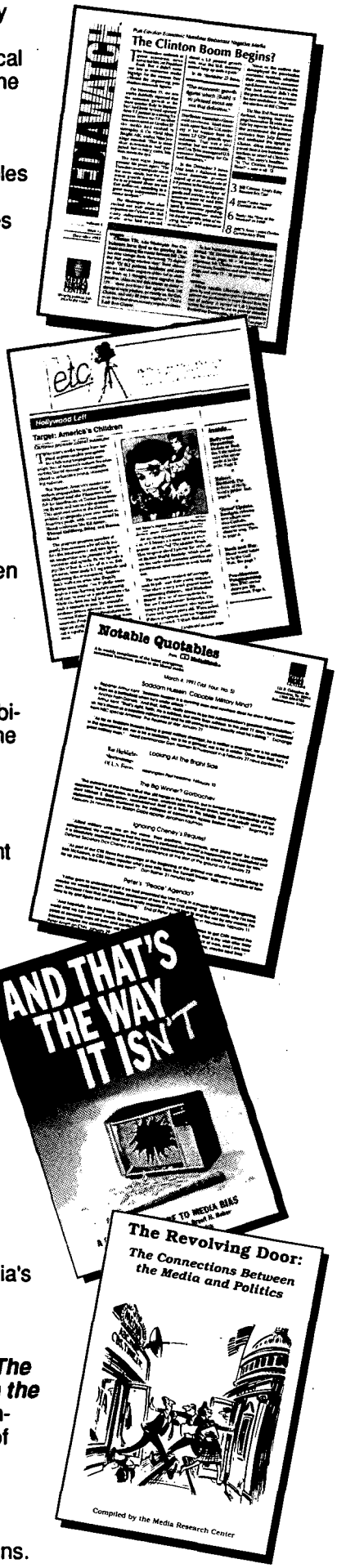

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You deserve a factual look at...

"Greater Israel"

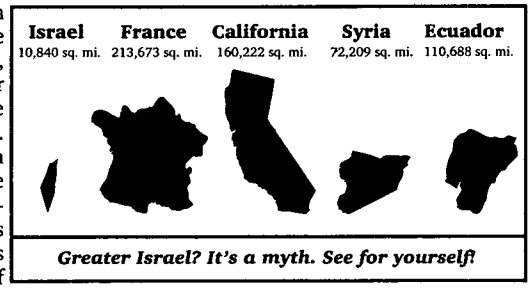
Does it have any relation to reality?

In May of 1989, James Baker, declared in an address to AIPAC (American Israel Public Affairs Committee) that the Jewish state should once and for all forget about "the dream of a greater Israel". It was the first time that this phrase had been heard from the lips of a Western statesman. What does it mean? Does it have any relation to reality?

What are the facts?

Stripes on the flag. Arab propaganda has it that the two stripes on the flag of Israel, above and below the star of David, represent the Nile and the Euphrates River, respectively, and signify Israel's expansionist desire to form an empire that would supposedly reach from Cairo to Baghdad. But that has no basis in fact, of course. Nowhere in any documents of the Jewish state, in any statement by even the most "radical" spokesman can any reference to anything like that be found.

Israel's Borders. "Palestine", part of the Ottoman Empire before World War I, came under British mandate after that war. The Golan Heights were part of Palestine. Israel's current borders are the result of the 1948 War of Independence, in which six Arab armies invaded the new-born state, but were utterly defeated, and the 1967 Six-Day War, in which those same armies once again invaded Israel. In that war, Israel conquered the Gaza Strip, the vast Sinai Peninsula, and the Golan Heights. And Israel also *repossessed* the provinces of Judea/Samaria, (the "West Bank"), and the eastern part of Jerusalem, which had been occupied by the Jordanians nineteen years earlier when they invaded the just new-born Jewish state. In order to achieve peace with Egypt, Israel returned to it all of the Sinai. Israel is and has always been prepared to grant full autonomy to the Arabs living in Judea/Samaria. It is clear to all knowledgeable in military matters that, for immutable strategic reasons, Israel cannot for any foreseeable future abandon or yield military control of Judea/Samaria and of the Golan Heights.



Greater Israel? It's a myth. See for yourself!

The Myth of Greater Israel. Israel is one of the smallest countries in the world. Most people don't realize how small it really is. One wonders whether former Secretary of State Baker was aware of it when he uttered his memorable phrase of "Greater Israel". A look at the map is revealing. Including the vaunted "West Bank", the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights, the entire area of the country is barely over 10,000 square miles. France is twenty times as large as Israel, California fifteen times as large, Syria about seven times as large, and "tiny" Ecuador ten times as large. Israel is so small that its area is less than half the size of San Bernadino County, California; if it were dropped into Lake Michigan it would disappear from sight without a trace. The Arab countries in contrast are huge—they occupy twice the area of the United States.

It is clear that the concept of "Greater Israel", lacks any validity and has no basis in fact. To apply such a concept to a country as small as Israel would almost seem a mockery. Obviously, Israel has no territorial ambitions. All it wants is to live in peace within secure and defensible borders, just as any other country and as required under U.N. Resolution No. 242. But it seems that the *size* of Israel, whether "greater" or "lesser" is not at all the concern of Israel's implacable Arab enemies. The very *existence* of Israel, of a Jewish state in their midst of whatever size, is unacceptable to the Arabs. And unless that mindset changes, not until the Arab states have become democracies and have come to full acceptance of Israel, are willing to make *true* peace with it, and are prepared to establish normal and friendly relations with Israel can any possible territorial adjustment be considered. As it looks right now, that may still take some time.

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ABOUT THIS MONTH

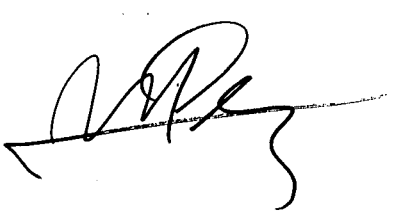
by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

"ANYONE WHO KNEW OF Brock's background would have realized that he was deeply allied with the most conservative forces in the country." It gets better. "He first attacked Hill in the pages of *The American Spectator*, a fervently right-wing periodical." And better: "The one fact of life that even bigoted zealots like Brock cannot change is that today, nineteen months after the Hill-Thomas televised hearings, more people believe Hill." If you think I'm quoting from Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson's devious *New Yorker* review of David Brock's *The Real Anita Hill*, that's understandable. The sentiments are theirs, but the words belong to none other than William Kunstler, a scoundrel whose time will never come. But like the loyal cadre he's always been, Kunstler proudly took his marching orders from those *New Yorker* commissars and, armed with their ill will, joined the equally obedient likes of Ellen Goodman, Molly Ivins, Anthony Lewis, and the *Nation* magazine in a banzai charge up Brock Hill. How did David Brock hold them off? By wielding the same trusty double-edged sword of reason and fact displayed in his book to produce a detailed reply to Ms.'s Mayer and Abramson. Circulated privately to great acclaim, it is reprinted this month in expanded form (see "Jane and Jill and Anita Hill," page 24). Writing in New York's *Amsterdam News*, Kunstler finds it fortunate that other books on Thomas-Hill are in preparation, "particularly one by Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson." What's holding them up?

ANOTHER WORK IN PROGRESS is Edmund Morris's authorized biography of Ronald Reagan. In one of the most astonishing and moving texts we've ever published (see page 18), Mr. Morris presents a forgotten side of Mr. Reagan that will leave us thirsting for the biography. Here is a man who reflects America's goodness even as he is deeply, privately pained by its capacity for cruelty and self-inflicted tragedy.

THOUGHTS LIKE THIS BRING us inevitably back to Hillary. On June 18, she appeared before the Democratic Governors' Association to announce, apropos of her health-care schemes, that "there cannot be . . . people who take advantage of the system and basically take a free ride." As any mental-health practitioner worth his handout from Washington could tell you, Hillary derived this insight through the miracle of transference. Having examined the Clintons' financial records, Lisa Schiffren describes in loving detail (see page 20) how Hillary and Bill have built their careers on free rides, mastering the system to enjoy free nanny service, for instance—and don't overlook Hillary's write-offs on such charitable deductions as the family's used underwear.



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Orthodox Catholics: DON'T DESPAIR!

Anne Roche Muggeridge, daughter-in-law of convert Malcolm Muggeridge, has said in her recent book, *The Desolate City: Revolution in the Catholic Church* (Harper & Row): "Because the integrity of its message has been betrayed, the Catholic Church is in ruins. Yet even now there are converts, of exceptionally high quality, and their number is increasing with the tenure of the present Pope. Catholics watched with a mixture of pity and amusement as the excellent Anglo-Catholic *New Oxford Review* argued and agonized itself into the [Roman] Catholic Church. I know a substantial number of recent converts like this and am much edified by their purity and ardour. Seven of them are my godchildren, and I must confess that some of us, to our shame, earnestly tried to delay them, on the grounds of the growing disorder in the Catholic Church. They forced their way past us anyway, thank God. They come because at the highest level of Catholic teaching, the doctrine of the faith, though much embattled, remains uncompromised and is as fearlessly proclaimed by John Paul II as by Peter, Paul, Ignatius, or Augustine. These new Catholics and the extraordinary Pope to whom they belong are a very present comfort when one is tempted to despair."

Over the last quarter century, the number of converts to Roman Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now, a new wave of converts is entering the Church. What's more, contrary to the shibboleth that Catholicism is a superstitious religion for the ignorant, an unusually high proportion of the new Catholics consists of writers and intellectuals. Among them, it may be hoped, is another Chesterton, another Maritain, another Newman, another Ronald Knox, another Dorothy Day, another Gerard Manley Hopkins, another Edith Stein – converts all.

The new converts are not attracted to the diluted Catholicism of the Hans Kungs, the Charles Currans, or those who sign ads favoring legal abortion. No, they are attracted by the Catholicism of the ages, the Magisterium, and the inspiring leadership of the current Pope.

The forum for the new generation of converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine that takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England. Today there is a new Oxford Movement afoot in America. Among the converts to Roman Catholicism who have written for the REVIEW are Sheldon Vanauken, John C. Cort, Walker Percy, L. Brent Bozell, Avery Dulles, and Peter Kreeft. But the REVIEW isn't just for converts. Most of our writers are cradle Catholics and a significant minority belongs to various other churches. Amazingly, while the REVIEW is a lightning rod for "papist" pilgrims, it is also ecumenical in spirit. And we cover the full range of issues of concern to today's reflective and believing Christians, including the quest for a more just and compassionate society.

If you want to recapture the excitement of when you first really believed, if you feel inundated by "bad news" about the Church, if you despair of all the moral laxity and doubt and dissension within her portals but seek a remedy for that despair, or if you're searching for a "face" of Catholicism that is spiritually vibrant, solidly prolife, doctrinally sound, and socially engaged, it's time for you to subscribe to the NEW OXFORD REVIEW!

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CONTENTS

The American Spectator

Vol. 26, No. 8 August 1993

Departments:

The Continuing Crisis 8

Correspondence 10

Editorials / *Oh, Brother! / Come Fly With Me!* by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 12

Capitol Ideas / *Doubting Dada Physics*, by Tom Bethell 16

Special Correspondence / *What Health-Care Crisis?* Doctors, Patients,and Fred Barnes 42

Clinton's America / *Hill 1969*, by David Clayton Carrad 46

The Public Policy / *Another AIDS Scam*, by ByronYork and Joe Johns 49

Eminentoes / *NAACCCP*, by Stephen Schwartz 52

Politics / *Bogus Charlie Stenholm*, by Grover G. Norquist 54

Ben Stein's Diary / *Boy in the Hood*, by Benjamin J. Stein 56

Presswatch / *What a Character!* by John Corry 60

Constitutional Opinions / *Lani Meets Her Quota*, by Terry Eastland 62

The Talkies / *The Summer of Our Discontent*, by James Bowman 64

Current Wisdom, by Assorted Jackasses 80

Book Reviews:

Point Blank (Gary Kleck) and *The Samurai, the Mountie and the Cowboy* (David B. Kopel), reviewed by Jeremy A. Rabkin 66

At the Hand of Man (Raymond Bonner), reviewed by Ike C. Sugg 68

From Yale to Jail (David Dellinger), reviewed by Francis X. Rocca 70

Sister Aimee (Daniel Mark Epstein), reviewed by Hugh Hewitt 72

Strange Bedfellows (Tom Rosenstiel), reviewed by Fred Barnes 74

Pack My Bag and *Surviving* (Henry Green), reviewed by Richard Lamb 75

Page 52

Features:

In Memoriam Christina Reagan, by Edmund Morris 18
d. June 26, 1947

Bill and Hillary at the Trough, by Lisa Schiffren 20
Throughout their political careers, living well has been their best revenge against disgruntled taxpayers.

Jane and Jill and Anita Hill, by David Brock 24
At the New Yorker, *they don't know jack.*

Gunning for Koresh, by Daniel Wattenberg 31
It was only when their funding was up for review—and a pattern of sexual harassment emerged at their agency—that the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms decided to make an example of David Koresh and his Branch Davidian followers.

No Longer Untouchable, by James L. Pate 35
The ATF: much ado about macho.

Cover illustration by John Springs. Interior art by John Springs and Jake Tapper.

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• June was a hellish month in politics. A No-confidence vote against Japanese Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa conduced to the crack-up of his Liberal Party, portending finito to its 38-year dominance of Japanese politics. British Prime Minister John Major's approval rating slipped to 16 percent, the lowest for any British prime minister since the end of World War II. Even Lady Thatcher expressed sympathy. President Bill Clinton's approval continued to decline, and by month's end was lower than that of any American president at the end of the first quarter of the first year of his last term in office. Then Mr. Henry Leon Ritzenthaler emerged from the swales of Paradise, California, with positive proof that he is our Boy President's long lost half-brother, and all America marveled as the president and Mr. Ritzenthaler spent days valiantly attempting to get through. It took days before they reached each other, though the press was in hourly contact with both. Oprah, Phil Donahue, and Sally Jesse Raphael all dreamed of getting both clods on the air for a good cry. Bill was willing, the chatter-show audiences being about his only remaining supporters.

• Yet there are on this orb those happy spots where all is political bliss and progress. In Mongolia's leading metropolis, Ulan Bator, amid the oxen and streptococci, in a land where no Miss Universe will ever walk but where fat yogurt barons doze through drowsy afternoons, their children splashing in the mud puddles, their women picking their teeth in the kitchen, political history has been made. Fifty-seven percent of the electorate have returned President Punsalmaagiyn Ochirbat (sic) to office in his country's first direct presidential election. He beat Mr. Lodogiyn Tudev, lending credence to sociologists' widely held belief that Mongolians are suckers for long unpronounceable names.

• The authoritative, and occasionally quite ribald, *New England Journal of Medicine* reports that a 56-year-old woman—unnamed!—began inexplicably to turn into a man seven years ago after what was admittedly an unusual menopause spent somewhere in the New Jersey interior. Doctors were initially tipped off to the irregular condition when she began to grow a beard. Then, coarse, dark hairs appeared on her chest and arms—all against her will. Presently she began to go bald after the fashion of so many middle-aged New Jersey men, and her bowling game went to hell. After she completed a process that doctors at Massachusetts General Hospital have dubbed "virilization," her driving improved. Though married for many years, the woman had remained nulliparous. Still, doctors insist that the woman's sex life was "completely normal" (whatever that might mean in New Jersey). Ultimately, when doctors discovered dangerously high levels of male hormones, androgens, in the woman's blood, they took action and removed her ovaries. Her symptoms immediately subsided. Most interesting of all, her hair grew back, suggesting a rather dramatic cure for balding in those rare instances when a bald man actually has ovaries.

• The environmentalists' case for the fragility and general benignity of the environment is going to be a good bit harder to make if five hikers in Cilegon, Indonesia, have anything to say about it. All were injured when the famed Krakatoa volcano gave off a small eruption just as they were peering over it, and their companion, a Miss Kelly whose first name is still unavailable, was killed. Once again we see the wisdom of that sadly neglected maxim, "We must get the environment before it gets us." In Liverpool, England, controversy rages over whether Mr. James Evans, a 43-year-old teacher at Gateacre Comprehensive School, did indeed call a 15-year-old pupil, Miss Alimatou Fofana, a golliwog. Mr. Evans denies the charge, but certain of his pupils testify that the pronunciation of Miss Fofana's last and first names defeated the embarrassed teacher, whereupon he turned to his class and blurted out, "Never mind, we'll just have to call her golliwog." Wearing a 30-lb. silk wedding kimono and sweating profusely, Masako Owada, a Harvard graduate, became the crown princess of Japan by marrying Crown Prince Naruhito. Conway Twitty died, and safety experts continue to express their shock that a recently fired USAir pilot, Captain Jon Swartzentruber, allowed an off-duty flight attendant, Miss Jane Zweber, to sit in his seat during a landing. "I'm shocked," declares Mr. Brent Bowen, director of the University of Nebraska's Aviation Institute. "I don't know what they could have been thinking of." Perhaps Professor Bowen has not seen *la* Zweber's nicely turned ankles. Or has he taken the side of the rebarbative feminist hordes?

• There has been more violence on the tobacco front. In Timonium, Maryland, Miss Debra J. Lowenstein, 40, was assaulted in the smoking section of the Happy Cork restaurant after she refused Mr. Paul Korotki's order that she stop smoking. Allegedly Mr. Korotki, a lawyer of unsavory repute, grabbed Miss Lowenstein by the neck and struck her several times, all the while shouting "Heal!" Then he tied her legs to her chair with string as friends at his table laughed uproariously. A criminal summons has been issued for the abstemious prankster. In Vienna, Austria, former President Jimmy Carter evoked repeated boos and guffaws when he delivered a human rights speech before the U.N.-sponsored World Human Rights Conference, and the thirty-ninth President has not lost his knack for betraying his country when abroad and

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sniveling up to any Third World poseur who might reproach his country. After the boos abated, this pert jackass then allowed that he too disagreed with many American policies.

• That San Francisco disc jockey who made bold to mock Our President's historic haircut by blocking rush-hour on the Bay Bridge while he had his own hair treated was fined $500 by Judge Charlotte Walter Woolard and condemned to three years probation and 100 hours of community service. The disc jockey, Mr. Mancow Muller, also faces a civil lawsuit. In Indianapolis, Indiana, Special Judge Nancy Broyles demonstrated that there are limits even for environmentalists protesting in the country's growing anti-fragrances movement. She sentenced Mr. Kenneth P. Frost, 48, to sixty years in prison. On October 23, 1990, Mr. Frost murdered Miss Kathleen O. Boyd, because her bad breath offended him. In Los Angeles, California, the efforts of Mr. Rollen Frederick Stewart, also known as "Rainbow Man," to herald the second coming of Jesus Christ at a Los Angeles hotel led to his conviction on six criminal counts on June 11. Mr. Stewart's heralding had involved taking a hotel maid hostage and issuing "terroristic threats."

• Fighting continued in Somalia and Bosnia and Azerbaijan, and in Chicago, Illinois, where three sports fans were killed and over 1,000 arrested during nocturnal festivities in celebration of the Chicago Bulls' third straight National Basketball Association title. In Liberia, 300 refugees were slaughtered by Liberian rebels in what observers are esteeming the most heinous atrocity in recent African history. Many of the corpses had been reduced to a kind of grisly puree by the machete-wielding reformers. Two Indonesian adulterers were nabbed in a remote village and forced to have sex in public with their clothes off while villagers watched and chewed catshat, a local euphoriant. In London, Mr. Pankaj Popat, owner of the Birchy Hill nursing home, charged Miss Deborah Wale, a nurse, of putting a dead mouse in his sandwich. Miss Wale denied the charge and claimed sexual harassment involving breast clasping and bottom grappling.

• Also from London comes word that Miss Lisa Chapman, 23, homeless and unemployed, has been fined $120 by a British court for leaving Ziggy, her pet rat, unattended for six days. In Venice, Italy, members of the insect rights movement scored an unexpected victory when Japanese artist Yukinori Yangi was ordered to release 5,000 ants that he was displaying in a series of bizarre transparent boxes at the Venice Biennale, a prestigious art exhibit. The ants were quietly dispersed in a garden after activists threatened legal proceedings against the entire Biennale. In Teheran, Iran, morals police began a crackdown against infractions of the Islamic dress code by arresting over 800 women for wearing sunglasses. The Commerce Department reported that the American economy grew at only 0.9 percent, inspiring Commerce Secretary Ron Brown to insist on the passage of his boss's budget bill. Quite possibly Mr. Brown is a more thunderous economic illiterate than Boy Clinton.

—RET

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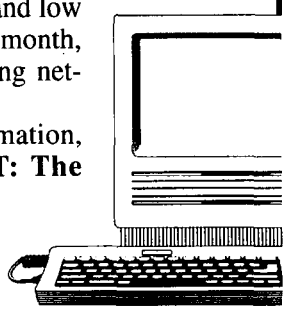

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The Silent Squeam

To take issue with anything in Matthew Scully's uncommonly generous review of my book (*For the Sake of Argument: Essays and Minority Reports*, *TAS*, June 1993) might seem paltry on my part. But he suggests that, for the sake of my journalistic hide rather than for the sake of argument, I have dumped two positions that I once held dear. Let me assure him that I still firmly believe there was dirty work at the crossroads in the 1980 election, and that I still affirm the right of the unborn to be called a child. Some of the columns in which I said this did indeed fail to make the cut, being too much of their time and place. But on page 13, as concerns "The October Surprise," and on page 258, as concerns my own "squeamish" line on abortion, I hold tight to the views that he suspects me of concealing. Since I anticipate that the same accusations will recur in the correct press—especially on the abortion point—may I ask the hospitality of your pages to utter a premature clarification?

—Christopher Hitchens
Washington, D.C.

Matthew Scully replies:

Actually, *all* of Hitchens's eloquent pro-life writings failed to make the cut, which seems sad, given the courage it took for a man of the left to publish such things in the first place. This is especially true of the 1989 column I quoted ("In order to terminate a pregnancy, you have to still a heartbeat, switch off a developing brain and, whatever the method, break some bones and rupture some organs . . ."). If he thinks this column is dated, "too much of its time and place" to belong in the collection, he underrates the power of his own words. Nor is a single, passing admission of squeamishness (the only such comment to make the cut, and that in a column deriding as a "ghoul" the world's best-known pro-lifer, Mother Teresa) my idea of "holding tight" to one's dearest convictions.

As for the whole October Surprise business—again, mentioned in just the one passing sentence he cites—I suspect this omission was more the decision of his editors at Verso, squeamish in a less admirable way and willing to tolerate only so much of Hitchens's dissenting spirit.

If I Ruled the World

In your June issue, you published a series of exchanges between Dr. Bruce Ames of the University of California and *Sierra*, the Sierra Club's national magazine, which I edit. It appears that you did so in the belief that these texts reveal a lamentable impulse on our part to censor ideas that might discomfit environmentalists. I will acknowledge that by publishing verbatim our invitation to Dr. Ames to contribute to a collection of essays on how one might solve the world's environmental problems if given unlimited power to do so, followed by the text of Dr. Ames's submission and finally by our letter to him explaining why we were unable to use his contribution, you have introduced no errors into the historical record. (My compliments to your typesetters and proofreaders.) But by prefacing these documents with the observation—borrowed from another publication—that an authoritative point of view such as Dr. Ames's "deserves to be known even if it is nonconformist and attacks preconceived ideas," you appear to suggest that we sought to censor Dr. Ames because his essential thesis—that synthetic pesticides are not as harmful as many environmentalists believe, and do not warrant the huge expenditures of money and effort required to eliminate them—is anathema to True Believers in our movement. That it may in fact be a troublesome assertion to some is likely the case—but it is very much not the case that we sought to censor Dr. Ames's expression of this view, and I cannot permit the suggestion to stand.

Why, do you suppose, did we approach Dr. Ames in the first place? Because we came across his name early in our perusal of some alphabetical directory of pundits, and wondered what he might say if asked? So that we might waste our time and his, for the anticipated pleasure of rejecting him? Because of the slight chance that he might, in a fit of apostasy, submit to the seductive pleasures of hyperregulation? Anyone not already preconditioned to assume statist conspiracies fueling any public-interest endeavor will see that we declined to publish Dr. Ames's essay because it didn't answer the question we asked. Period. He was not alone in this oversight: several other potential contributors were politely turned away for the same failure. As for any assumed anti-conservative bias on our part, your readers deserve to know that we also sought contributions from, among others, Julian Simon, the late Warren Brookes (who told me he was delighted by the invitation, and who was working on his contribution the day he died), *Reason* magazine editor Virginia Postrel (whose promised essay never arrived), high-ranking members of the then-newsworthy Bush administration, and at least one member of your own editorial board.

We made this effort in sincerity and in earnest, because we don't perceive our readers as susceptible to off-the-rack ideology-mongering, trusting them instead to sort through a variety of facts and opinions and make decisions for themselves. All we ask of our contributors is that they conform in some meaningful way to the context we mutually agree upon for the presentation of their thoughts—something Dr. Ames declined to do in this case, for reasons best known to him.

—Jonathan F. King
Editor-in-Chief, Sierra
San Francisco, California

The value of a magazine such as yours is the publication of items like Prof. Ames's article and the accompanying letters. Of great interest in the letter of invitation are the revealing terms, the equivalent of "Suppose you were dictator of the world . . ." The seductive appeal of dictatorship reveals much about the mindset of the editor of *Sierra* magazine. It is no surprise that the essay was not accepted. Which rejection—as happens often in dictatorships—draws attention to the essay.

—Gabriel Austin
New York, New York

Burmese Gays

Your June 1993 issue, under "The Gay American Saloon Series," included an article entitled "Club El Malaria" (by Ian Forman). Although touching, it appears to be anomalous in your particular magazine.

We are at a time when homosexuality, formerly referred to as sodomy, is being promoted in high places. . . . Your article offered sympathy and tears . . . for two

(continued on page 79)

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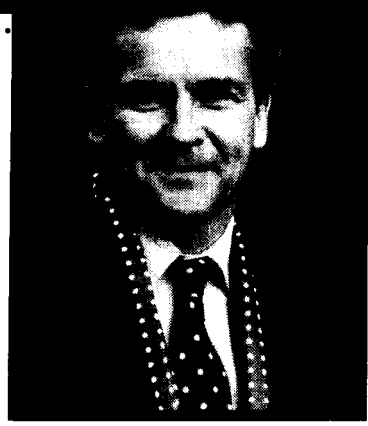

Oh, Brother!

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Amidst all the public musings over the astonishing disarray of the Clinton presidency, is it not odd that hardly anyone has placed the blame on President Clinton's ideas? Some tell us that the disarray is a consequence of his staff's youthfulness. Others cite the Hamlet-like temperament of our Boy President. His erratic work habits are blamed, treacherous Republicans, something called "Washington Gridlock," a barber in Beverly Hills, California. And here is another oddity: no one blames the administration's accumulating botches on Mrs. Hillary Rodham Clinton, though all Washington's wise coves insist that she is her husband's preeminent adviser.

Meanwhile, the botches accumulate at a rate Warren Harding and Millard Fillmore could not maintain. Some are mere spectacles of buffoonery. Out there in Paradise, California, a retired janitor emerges from obscurity to reveal that for decades he, Mr. Henry Leon Ritzenthaler, has been Bill's half-brother, oblivious to his noble pedigree. The evidence adduced includes a birth certificate recording Henry Leon's father, who was also Bill's father, and the fact that both have "blue eyes with bags under them" and their shared passion for junk foods and, as Henry Leon's daughter attests, "a hot temper," plus being "chronically late."

Bill vows to call Henry Leon: "I placed a call today but there was nobody home." Controversy ensues. The press contacts Henry Leon easily. H.L. is off to New York for the chatter shows. Bill still can't reach him. Bill's credibility suffers anew when earnest H.L. is pictured al fresco, telephoning the White House. Will these two clods ever get together? How about on Oprah?

Yet many of our hapless President's botches are serious. Just the other day he blundered again on the subject of Bosnia and all Europe was dragged in. To Germany's Chancellor Helmut Kohl he sent a letter with a sentence clearly urging Kohl to lobby the Europeans in support of arming the Bosnian Muslims. Kohl did so a day or two later at a regional meeting of the European Community, irritating everyone, particularly the French and British. Within hours, the irritation was transformed into astonishment when the Clinton administration disavowed the missive. Said a senior White House official to the *New York Times*, "Mr. Clinton never expected anything to come of his letter."

How does one account for such incompetence? Neither a youthful staff nor our Boy President's erratic soul is sufficient. Rather, I suggest that the analysts fix their attention on those sad delusions that the president calls his ideas and on that series of idiotic jingles that the president calls his philosophy of government.

They have so distracted him from the straightforward business of administering government that nearly a dozen policy initiatives remain to be introduced, though brief months ago the president was boasting of their imminent arrival. Scores of ambassadorial posts remain vacant. Hundreds of departmental appointments remain unmade, and the president dithers voluptuously, undoing past blunders, committing new ones, and complimenting himself on such absurdities as his budget. It includes the country's largest tax increase, despite feeble economic growth, and a promise to cut the deficit with a budget that increases spending. In fine and

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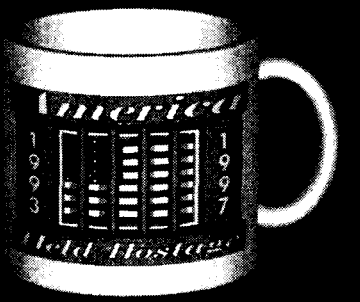

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in sum, it is a budget written by a schizophrenic and fit for a nation of masochists.

The old Clinton and the evanescent first lady are liberals. The irony is that for two decades liberalism has been cracking up into a riot of fanaticisms and con acts. Yesteryear's perfectly sensible drive for civil rights has been taken over by career racialists, such as Lani Guinier, the president's rudely aborted would-be civil rights administrator. Similar drives for the alleviation of poverty, for conservation of the environment, for women's rights, for consumer protection, and for all the other relatively moderate and reasonable goals that liberalism once so arrogantly claimed as its own have all fallen into the hands of zealots and frauds. All care more about their gimmicks and nonce projects than about a successful Clinton administration. Their demands on the Clintons explain the administration's disarray, though that barber did not help. ❐

Come Fly With Me!

Paris

Somehow these perverse Parisians have gotten one thing right: sex. My presence here, I hasten to attest, has been prompted by more pressing matters, the Paris Air Show. Nonetheless, every now and again I lower my eyes from the skies above only to find them resting on the well-turned ankle of a soignée French lady. And there are many.

"Sex": the very word disturbs many Americans; the deed disturbs them more! Here the word, the deed, even the adjective "sexy," all are suavely accepted. In France the war between the sexes is as pervasive as it is in the States, but it is not so grisly. In fact, two distinguished warriors from both armies have recently fought an extended battle between the sexes in a best-selling book, and neither wants to kill the other or even to commence legal proceedings.

The book, entitled *Les Hommes et les femmes* and coauthored by Françoise Giroud (it is still ladies first over here) and Bernard-Henri Lévy, is a conversation between two combatants who with wit and knowledge lay out the conventional positions of both sides on amour, fidelity, infidelity, beauty, ugliness—the customary topics. As one might expect, there is disagreement. Mrs. Giroud believes that the modern woman is much more worldly and less puritanical than women of past generations. Mr. Lévy denies that women have changed. Their natures, he believes, are fixed in time as are men's. There is one thing both authors do agree on in this amusing and instructive book: to wit, feminism in America has become intolerably destructive.

Actually, it is not just feminism in America that has rendered sex lurid and exceedingly dangerous. It is vestigial Puritanism, the Puritanism that finds its way into the pieties of the churchly, and—worse—the Puritanism that makes its absurd presence felt among the sex educators, who, by the way, are probably the most sexually disturbed of all Americans. Years ago I believed that the sex educators were going to ensure zero-population growth in the country, perhaps even depopulation, for they were making sex a colossal bore. Instead they have done their bit to make sex frightening.

The combined forces of the feminists and the Puritans of all varieties have created a series of obsessions and contradictions in American sexual practice that is historically without parallel. For instance, American television, unlike French television, is beset with sex, much of it abnormal. In television drama (if that is the word), sex is as popular as the violence with which it is frequently confounded. In the talk shows, sex is equally pervasive and even more bizarre. One walks away from Oprah and her colleagues suspecting that no normal sex act is ever committed in the Great Republic and that the vast majority of Americans have suffered sexual harassment anterior to marrying a first cousin or mother's boyfriend (occasionally mother's girlfriend).

Pari passu with these obsessions have come moves to make sex an impossibility. Consider the contradictions. An actor can, during prime time television, graphically discuss and portray all sorts of lascivious inventions. In the schoolyard, if a student displays the least unwelcome sexual gesture or utters an unwelcome sexual remark, he or she can be jugged or, worse, handed over to some morbid counselor. And the contradictions worsen. Some primitive, panhandling on a street corner, can befoul himself, expose himself, or utter any rude or smutty observation with impunity (the lout can act this way in public libraries and a dozen other public buildings too, for that matter), but in the workplace and elsewhere, any neurotic can charge a person, usually a male, with sexual misconduct of the mildest and most dubious variety, and put the poor wretch in hot water.

No corroboration is necessary. One is deemed guilty until proven innocent. Would this happen in France? Impossible! The future of sex in America is anyone's guess. All the beneficiaries of the sexual revolution are either mad as hell (the women) or woebegone and nervous (the playboys). Over here the revolutions have been in politics, not sex, but it took two hundred years for the politics to calm down. Are Americans doomed to two hundred years of sexual enmity? Well, I can always seek refuge at the Paris Air Show. ❐

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Doubting Dada Physics

by Tom Bethell

I reached Petr Beckmann by phone at the Community Hospital in Boulder, Colorado. He sounded very weak. He had an infected kidney, a complication of prostate cancer. He was eager to get back home so he could finish the July issue of his newsletter, *Access to Energy*. He would be telling his readers that he couldn't go on publishing it and that his good friend Art Robinson would soon take over. (A biochemist, Robinson was at one point scientific director of the Linus Pauling Institute.)

Beckmann has long been an inspiration to me. His newsletter exposes the political abuse of science, and brilliantly elucidates many scientific issues. In his house in the foothills of the Rockies, he has a printing press, and there he also publishes a journal called *Galilean Electrodynamics*. Over the last twenty years he has published many other pamphlets and books: *The Health Hazards of Not Going Nuclear*, *Musical Musings*, a book about language.

He was born in Prague in 1924. Both his parents were Communists. A refugee in England during World War II, he joined a Czech RAF squadron and repaired radar equipment. After returning to Czechoslovakia, he earned a Ph.D. in electrical engineering, then defected to the U.S. in 1963. He taught at the University of Colorado until he took early retirement in 1981. I have had the privilege of talking to him for many, many hours, and one day I hope to write a memoir of him. At some point in the next century, I believe, people will want to know more about this solitary genius, who found his own audience and published his own ideas and discoveries at a time of growing intellectual corruption in the academy. Above all, he is likely to be remembered for having undermined Einstein's theory of relativity, and for showing how physics could be returned to the classical foundations from which it was dislodged at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Ever since he learned relativity theory, Beckmann felt there must be something wrong with it. When he retired from teaching, he returned to the subject, spending several years on a book called *Einstein Plus Two* (1987).[1] He believes now that relativity theory "has been confirmed only in a narrow sector of physics, leads to logical contradictions, and is unable to derive results that must be postulated, though they are derivable by classical methods." He also believes that the theory is definitely falsified by the aberration of light from binary stars. An article to this effect will be published in the next issue of *Galilean Electrodynamics*.

The problem that Einstein tried to solve, the new problems that arose with his solution, and Beckmann's brilliant resolution of all these difficulties, are not so difficult as they may sound. In fact, mystification has greatly enhanced Einstein's reputation. I hasten to add that Beckmann is a great admirer of Einstein, whose famous equation of energy and mass, $E=MC^2$, is unaffected by all this; in fact, it was derived independently of relativity.

By the mid–nineteenth century, the evidence that light travels in waves had become overwhelming; wave theory accounted for refraction, polarization, and many other phenomena of light. The great puzzle was to understand what medium it travels in. Sound needs air; light needs . . . what? It can travel through a vacuum, through interstellar space. But if it is a wave, there must be an oscillating medium, however rarified. This medium was called the "ether" and the great challenge for nineteenth-century physicists was to detect it.

The most famous experiment was carried out by Michelson and Morley in 1887. Since the Earth must be moving through this ether in its orbit around the sun, it should be possible to detect an "ether wind," just as it is possible to feel the wind by putting your hand out a moving car. Albert Michelson, the first American to win the Nobel Prize in physics, designed the apparatus to measure it. But despite repeated attempts, no ethereal breeze could be detected. (Michelson's "interferometer" had been expected to measure a "fringe shift" where criss-crossing light rays were brought together.) This "null result" threw the world of physics into disarray. A wave without a medium!

Enter Einstein, fresh from the Bern Patent Office. He posited that there was no medium, and that the speed of light is the same in all directions, irrespective of the motion of any apparatus set up to detect it. His famous 1905 paper, setting forth the special theory of relativity, demonstrated that if these odd assumptions are made, everything can be shoe-horned in mathematically. But it *was* odd. If a sound wave moves toward you at 750 miles an hour, and you walk toward it at 5 mph, you will detect the sound approaching at 755 miles an hour. Observation agrees with common sense. The same is true of all other waves one can think of. But not electromagnetic phenomena (including light), said Einstein. The velocity of light was accorded a privileged, "absolute" status. Move toward the light source, and you will detect it approaching you at the same speed as someone who is standing still.

That was where absurdity came in. To preserve the absolute nature of the speed of light, space and time had to be distorted.

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[1] Available for $36 from Box 251, Boulder, Colorado 80306. Warning: It's technical.

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Two twins are the same size: If A moves, he sees B smaller than himself. But B likewise sees A as smaller than *him*self. Which is absurd. Reality becomes observer-dependent, in opposition to the most basic precepts in science. The alpha and omega of the material world—the irreducible character of time and space—were sacrificed in order to preserve an absolute velocity. But velocity itself is nothing but space (distance) *divided* by time! This was Dada Physics. (It's interesting that the Dada movement, "having as its program the discovery of authentic reality through the abolition of traditional cultural and aesthetic forms," came right after the general relativity theory [1915].)

Beckmann says that most students of physics shrug and accept relativity theory—theirs is not to quarrel with the sainted genius of the twentieth century. Some have private reservations. Among intellectuals in general, the theory has been much admired: so abstruse, so deliciously disrespectful of the eternal verities, so marvelously baffling to the bourgeoisie. It doesn't interfere with the daily routine, makes no practical difference to the Newtonian world. But it does upset its theoretical underpinnings. Wonderful! The Muddled Majority who feel so reassured by their common-sense understanding of the world just don't realize that things aren't what they seem to be at all.

Pondering the theory in the late 1950s at Prague's Institute of Radio Engineering, Beckmann concluded that there had to be a medium for light, and in an offhand comment, a student named Pokorny, a (then) devout Communist, suggested the correct answer, as Beckmann is now convinced: the medium for electromagnetic waves is the local gravitational field—dense near the sun, attenuated in outer space. On Earth, the local field is that of the Earth itself. The point is, the Earth's gravitational field moves along with the earth. So that was why Michelson-Morley could detect no ether wind. It was like sitting in a jet as it goes down the runway, holding a toy propeller in your lap and expecting the wind to turn the blades. Absurd—the air in the cabin is moving forward with the plane.

But wait! The Earth also rotates on its axis, and there is good reason to think that the gravitational field does not go around with the Earth. Imagine this field as a hoop skirt on a woman with a circular waist. As she walks forward the skirt moves with her. But then, as she walks, she pirouettes, and now her body will slip around inside the skirt.

If this analogy is correct, the Michelson-Morley experiment might have been able to detect a fringe-shift after all—but a much smaller one than they had been looking for. In the latitude of New York the rotational velocity of the Earth is just one-hundredth of its forward movement around the sun. The relevant equation requires that this fraction be squared. So the expected fringe-shift would only be one ten-thousandth of what Michelson-Morley looked for. Even with today's equipment, such a shift would be difficult (although possible) to detect. It could easily be detected on the space shuttle, because the shuttle goes through the gravitational field much faster than the Earth.

Here are a few little-known points, casting doubt on Dada Physics. Michelson himself never accepted relativity theory, and toward the end of his life he developed an "entrained ether" theory similar to Beckmann's. In 1925, with a colleague at the University of Chicago, he did a complex experiment with very long light-paths (Michelson-Gale), and it did show a confirming fringe-shift. The experiment is omitted from almost all physics texts today.

Electromagnetic signals travel from Washington to Los Angeles more quickly than they do coming back. The difference is very small—37 nanoseconds—but consistent and repeatable. This is exactly what Beckmann's theory would predict, but it is something of an embarrassment to Einstein (who did not know about it; only recently have clocks been accurate enough).

Howard Hayden, a professor in the Physics Department at the University of Connecticut (Storrs), has taken up the cudgels for Beckmann, and has been giving talks on the subject to physics departments in New England. The response has been respectful: some puzzlement, no contradictions, only one or two indignant folk walking out in a huff. Hayden makes the following amazing claim: the constancy of the speed of light, irrespective of the observer's movement, has not been demonstrated experimentally. Hayden and Beckmann are offering a $2,000 reward (hereby offered to *American Spectator* readers) to anyone who can (pay attention) cite in the literature a valid optical experiment demonstrating that the speed of light east to west on the Earth's surface is the same as it is west to east, to an accuracy of 50 meters per second. Note: the experiment does not have to be done, merely cited. In response to an earlier article I wrote on the subject, this offer was published in *Science* magazine (November 30, 1990), but there were no takers.

Beckmann now says that the aberration of light from binary stars definitely refutes Einstein. "Without any equivocation," Hayden confirmed, "I can say that the stellar-aberration prediction of Einstein is wrong." Hayden's goal is to repeat Michelson-Morley in the space shuttle. He thinks he may have a shot because one of the astronauts is his former student.

Here's another surprise. A heralded confirmation of Einstein was the small discrepancy between the orbit of Mercury and the result predicted by Newton. Einstein's formula explaining Mercury's orbit was published in 1915 and was derived from general relativity, using very complex mathematics. Beckmann then found out that the same formula exactly had been published in 1898 by a man named Paul Gerber, who lived in Stargard, Germany, and was apparently a high school teacher! Gerber had used classical physics, plus the assumption that gravity propagates with the speed of light, not instantaneously, as Newton had assumed.

Beckmann found this information in another self-published book, put out in 1982 by someone in Cornwall, England. When the author heard that Beckmann's Czech/RAF squadron had been stationed in Cornwall, he sent Beckmann a free copy. "The guy's a nut," Beckmann said when he saw it, "like people who say chess is in the Bible." Gerber had beaten Einstein by seventeen years, using classical physics? How come this wasn't in the textbooks? Beckmann immediately bicycled to the U.C. library, pulled the old journal off the shelf. "The Einstein formula jumped out at me," Beckmann said. "I was dumbfounded."

When I spoke to Beckmann more recently at the Boulder hospital he said in a faint voice: "Einstein is dead. But it will take decades to bury him." ❐

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In Memoriam Christina Reagan

d. June 26, 1947

by Edmund Morris

The sanctity of the womb, that once-inviolate limbo whose dark waters were home only to the spirit of God, has become so subject to alien invasion in recent years that I was not surprised, at a dinner party last fall, when my hostess asked if I would like to see a "snapshot" of her future daughter. Without waiting for me to swallow my *vichyssoise,* she fished from her purse an image I was too polite to recoil from. Indeed I am glad I did not, for the snap turned out to be a sonogram, and to my surprise had an eerie, cross-hatched beauty, reminiscent of the Capriccios of Goya.

There, floating in shadows and space-time, was a pale, preparturient child, eyes still veiled with sleep, tiny fists half-curled, and mouth urgently agape. "She's yawning," cooed Mama. It seemed to me that she was shouting—silently, to be sure, yet this sonogram, this picture of sounds beyond hearing, reverberated with the first of all human cries: *"I want to be born!"*

It pleases me to note that Miss Caroline Burt has been granted her wish, and neighbors will attest that she is now quite audible. Of course the time will eventually come for her to utter the second great mortal shout—*"I'm afraid to die!"* Man's tragedy has always been that nothing can be done to help him in the end. His curse, now, is that everything may be done to hinder his very beginnings.

Ten years ago this spring, President Ronald Reagan published an extraordinary essay, "Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation," in the *Human Life Review.* That essay, itself commemorating the tenth anniversary of

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Roe v. *Wade,* was subsequently republished in book form by Thomas Nelson Inc., along with afterwords by C. Everett Koop and Malcolm Muggeridge. Taken together, the three pieces read today as eloquent but dated testimonials to a time when—for a shining moment even briefer than Camelot—it seemed that the Constitution might be amended (or reinterpreted) in defense of our least articulate, most vulnerable minority. But their datedness can only increase, because—let us admit it—the battle against legalized abortion is lost.

A majority of Americans, including those in Congress and the Supreme Court, now believe that women should be allowed to decide which of their progeny may survive, and which not. Those of us in whom abortion strikes a deep note of moral despair must accept that we are citizens of a secular democracy, governed by laws not of God, but man. Nor should we flatter ourselves that we have any monopoly on grief. The most striking thing about pro-choice literature—as distinct from pro-choice polemics—is its admission that the black bird of bereavement flaps low over all thinking aborters and abortees:

> *And thou treble-dated crow*
> *That thy sable gender mak'st*
> *With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st*
> *'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.*[1]

I have often wondered if it was the beat of those same wings that drove Ronald Reagan to publish "Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation" at a time when he needed controversy the least. Gentlest of men, he has never, as far as I know, been party to an abortion. But it is a largely forgotten fact that he once lost a neonate daughter of his own. Her name was Christina. She was born prematurely to Mr. Reagan's first wife, Jane Wyman, on June 23, 1947, and died three days later. Ironically, he could not be present at either birth or burial, since he was himself fighting death, in another hospital, with viral pneumonia. Such lessons in mortality change a man.

Whatever the cause, one has to admire, in these days of presidential pusillanimity, the courage with which Mr. Reagan confronted a fundamental human problem. "Nowhere do the plain words of the Constitution even hint at a 'right' so sweeping as to permit abortion up to the time the child is ready to be born," he wrote. "Yet this is what the Court ruled [in 1973]."

He did not hesitate to compare *Roe* v. *Wade* to another 7-2 decision, *Dred Scott* v. *Sandford* (1857), in denial of human rights, and took comfort in the fact that it, too, won majority acceptance in its day. Just as the Supreme Court thereby institutionalized racism for another century, so, Mr. Reagan argued, would a new eugenics begin to flow from *Roe*'s notion that one life (unwanted, first trimester) was worth less than another (ditto, second trimester), and less still than another (ditto, third trimester)—although, in certain mother-threatening circumstances, lives one and three might be considered equally expendable. Already, the President noted, a baby unquestionably *born* in Indiana had been allowed to starve to death because of its inconvenient combination of a malformed esophagus and Down's syndrome:

> The real issue for the courts was *not* whether baby Doe was a human being. The real issue was whether to protect the life of a human being . . . who would probably be mentally handicapped. . . . In other words, [its] retardation was the equivalent of a crime deserving the death penalty.

We may congratulate ourselves, or perhaps more aptly, thank God, that the sacrifice sanctioned by the Indiana Supreme Court has not become the "humane holocaust" Ronald Reagan feared a decade ago. This is still the most compassionate of nations. The very heat, even violence, of our debate on abortion proves that here, not in old, cold countries like Sweden, is where the world's great moral problems are still decided.

Thanks largely to Ronald Reagan, those of totalitarianism and mutual assured destruction have yielded to a civilized consensus. There remains the most anguished question of all—anguished because we must ask it a million and a half times a year: whether that many unborn children are to be or not to be. It is a question, moreover, involving in each case three parties, one of whom has no power of legal protest, and the other of whom has no voice at all.

No expectant father who sympathizes with the dilemma of the expectant mother—to live for herself only, or also for the life within her—can deny her right, ultimately, to bring the issue to a violent conclusion. But the grotesque pun, the awful paradox, is that it's his "issue" too.

One's dread is that, after all the debate, our democracy may find itself unequal to the task of deciding—that perhaps the question is unresolvable, and the agony it causes infinite. One's hunch is that God in His mercy will decide it for us, having heard from the Silent Parties on a frequency beyond our range.

Inevitably, this or a forthcoming administration is going to start testing the RU-486 antiprogesterone medicine. If it proves as effective and popular a method of pregnancy control here as in Europe, the French pill will replace the French letter as America's refiner of the species. That last phrase is Hazlitt's, by the way. It came out of my pen unbidden, and only now, reflecting, do I connect it with his essay on Tragedy.

Is it not cruel of God, thus to waste His unborn? Well, He sure wastes plenty in plagues—including the current one of AIDS, which at 100-percent fatality beats even Russia's abortion rate. Since He created the heaven and the earth to begin with, I guess He knows what He's about. I just hope that sometime soon He'll lift the darkness on the face of the deep, and tell us which way to look for Light. ❐

[1] Shakespeare, "The Phoenix and the Turtle." For two particularly poignant examples of pro-choice literature, see "The Clinic," by Michael Blumenthal *(New York Times Magazine,* November 2, 1986), and "We Do Abortions Here," by Sallie Tisdale *(Harper's,* October 1987).

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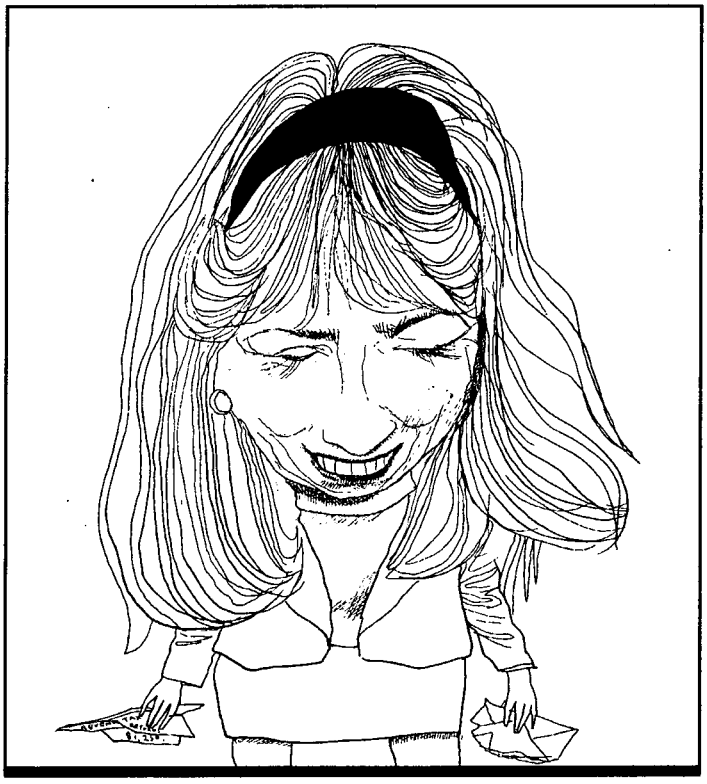
Lisa Schiffren

Bill and Hillary at the Trough

Throughout their political careers, living well has been their best revenge against disgruntled taxpayers.



Ever wonder why President Bill and First Lady Hillary seem so genuinely to believe that all money earned in the 1980s was somehow illegitimate and undeserved? Or why, after a decade-long national experiment, they seem completely indifferent to the effects of tax rates on people's willingness to work? Or to the relation between incentives and productivity in general? Or, most dismaying, why they seem not to believe that most people who do well work very hard for their money?

When Bill Clinton nominated Ruth Bader Ginsburg to the Supreme Court, he said: "I believe the measure of a person's values can best be measured by examining the life the person lives." In that spirit, Bill and Hillary's financial life, as reflected in a decade's worth of tax returns, sheds light on their values, and the experience that shaped their economic worldviews.

Subsidies for Personal Expenses

Remember Bill Clinton's much-touted "lowest-in-the-nation" $35,000 governor's salary? That was merely his cash compensation—mad money. For the decade he was governor, all Clinton personal living expenses (including food, shelter, transportation, and entertainment), along with security, housekeeping, administration, utilities, etc., were paid out of various state funds. Including those expenses, the care and feeding of their humble governor cost taxpayers in the nation's second-poorest state more than three-quarters of a million dollars a year, according to the Arkansas state auditor, Julia Hughes Jones. And it left Hillary's annual $150,000 or so free.

Two particular funds raise interesting legal questions. One was a yearly $51,000 food allotment, intended for both state functions and private meals, as well as incidental mansion expenses and anything else the governor might wish to spend it on. Unlike most expense funds, but like income, that stipend was not subject to oversight by the state legislature. (According to a former senior official in the Tax Division of the U.S. Department of Justice, "One rule of thumb used to determine what is income is unrestricted discretion.") While governor, America's First Appetite annoyed the legislature by requesting a significantly larger "food allowance" during a late-1980s period of belt-tightening. According to former IRS Commissioner Donald Alexander, who has reviewed the returns, the $51,000 fund

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"probably constitutes a failure to report income." The other legally questionable fund is an annual $19,000 "public relations" fund, also not subject to audit. Said Bill Goodman, chairman of the Arkansas Legislative Joint Budget Committee, which allocates the funds, "You have always had to pay a tax on that money, because it is an allowance, not a reimbursement." In 1989 the fund—earmarked for items as varied as fruit-basket gifts for constituents and political events that advanced Bill Clinton's career, not Arkansas business—became an issue with the legislature. Under political pressure and press scrutiny, Clinton finally began declaring the extra $19,000 as part of his income—as the law had always required.

Away from media-monitored halls of power in Washington and a few big cities, of course, local officials often live quite well on perks they don't bother to report. Legally, such perks usually fall into gray areas. But to put it in perspective: Tax returns indicate that Bill Clinton never declared the personal-use value of his state-funded Lincoln Town Car, his roughly $3,500 personal entertainment bill, and other sundries. Meanwhile, FBI Director William Sessions is being hounded from office for failing to declare as income the occasional personal use of his government-provided limousine.

It is an irony that may or may not comfort Zoë Baird, Kimba Wood, Charles Ruff, and Judge Stephen Breyer—all of whom lost jobs over the issue of household help—but among the other bills footed by the taxpayers of Arkansas was the cost of Chelsea's nanny.

Nanny Problems

It is an irony that may or may not comfort Zoë Baird, Kimba Wood, Charles Ruff, and Judge Stephen Breyer—all of whom lost jobs over the issue of household help—but among the other bills footed by the taxpayers of Arkansas was the cost of Chelsea's nanny. The record of that expense helps explain how the Clintons came to be blindsided by the Baird nomination.

Chelsea Clinton was born on February 27, 1980. Hillary, already a partner at The Rose Law Firm, took off the better part of six months in order to care for Chelsea. But a 1981 audit of the Governor's Mansion official payroll showed that one D.M. Sanders, a nurse, was employed from March 4, 1980—one week after Chelsea's birth—until Bill Clinton left office on January 31, 1981, at the cost of $3,130. Of course the State of Arkansas does not pay for nannies for its officials' children. So Governor Clinton had Chelsea's nurse listed on the official payroll as a security guard.

When this expenditure was caught and challenged by a local newspaper in 1981, the then-out-of-office Clinton shrugged it off on the grounds that the security guard slot had been the only one open. (The mansion had a full roster of maids and cooks.) Ignoring official job designations is common when hiring legitimate office staffers, but it makes sense in this case only if one assumes that the taxpayers should pay for a personal nurse for the governor's baby. In any case, nowhere on their 1980 tax return did either Yale-trained lawyer/parent remember to list that $3,130 taxpayer gift as income.

Bill Clinton lost his re-election race that year, so 1981-82 are the only years since 1977 that he was off the public payroll. Without a mansion full of help, the Clintons hired a nurse—the same Dessie Sanders, security guard—and paid her with their own money. Having done so, William J. Clinton and Hillary Rodham carefully filed Form 2241, the Credit for Child and Dependent Care Expenses attachment, along with their 1981 return. They claimed a credit of $400 against a $5,934 payment to Dessie and a $451 payment to a Montessori school.

The Clintons omitted only one piece of information from Form 2241: Dessie Sanders's Social Security number. Nor did they list any such information the following year. Ms. Sanders, a middle-aged American citizen, who unlike the rest of the mansion's domestic staff was white, certainly had such a number. Without it, the Clintons could not have paid Social Security taxes for her.

Nor did the Clintons ever list any Social Security numbers for the other baby-sitters they paid between $1,000 and $1,500 per year—and for whom they continued to take the child-care credit through 1985. As many of us learned last winter (but as Clinton, a former state attorney general, and his lawyer wife might have been expected to know), Social Security taxes must be paid for anyone to whom an employer pays more than $50 a quarter.

Were the payments made? Or did Bill and Hillary do what Zoë Baird and her husband, Yale Law professor Paul Gewirtz, did? After a minor fulmination to the effect that she would not lie about such a thing, Hillary's press secretary Lisa Caputo explained that White House Counsel Bernard Nussbaum had found Bill and Hillary's records in perfect compliance with all Social Security obligations. The relevant records were in a box in the White House. But for reasons of principle, the first couple would not release them or provide any material evidence to show that, despite appearances to the contrary on their tax returns, they had not violated the Social Security codes. Unlike Kimba Wood, in other words, the Clintons did not have to prove they had met the one ethical standard their administration has set for employment.

By 1983 the Clintons were back in the governor's mansion. Oddly enough, there is no further mention of full-time babysitting on the Clintons' tax returns. How did the dynamic duo make sure that their baby wasn't neglected? Sometimes they used part-time baby-sitters, and continued

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to file for a tax credit against that cost, but listed no Social Security payments. And Mrs. Clinton has often said that her parents baby-sat frequently. Witnesses in Little Rock suggest a third alternative: that the Clintons routinely used staffers assigned to official duties—housekeeping, security, mansion administrator, etc.—to look after Chelsea. Rosie Spann, an elderly maid who served in the mansion when Chelsea was young, confirmed this. "I worked upstairs, so I sometimes watched the baby when Hillary went to work."

No secret is made of the fact that, as White House Deputy Press Secretary Lorraine Voles put it, "childcare was provided for them in the governor's mansion." But why is it that nowhere on the state's official payroll—for all of Chelsea's young life—has anyone ever been listed in that job designation?

This set-up continues in the Clinton White House. Twenty-two-year-old Helen Dickey, Chelsea's last nanny in Little Rock, moved with the Clintons to Washington and is paid $20,000 as an employee of the East Wing social staff. How then does she rate a bedroom in the White House? According to *Newsweek*, Press Secretary Caputo said that Dickey's duties include providing "basic backup support" in planning parties and answering mail and the phones, but acknowledged that Dickey still takes care of Chelsea "on occasion." Said Caputo: "She's really part of the family."

Each season Hillary gave away dozens of bags of old clothing—hers, Bill's and Chelsea's—to Goodwill, the Salvation Army, and local shelters and charities. Despite her busy schedule, she personally listed and valued each item.

Decade of Greed

Despite an income that put them in the top 3 percent of American families, for the Clintons in the 1980s, most things in life were free—except clothing. Yet Hillary managed to subsidize clothing, too, with some stunningly aggressive tax deductions. Each season Hillary gave away dozens of bags of old clothing—hers, Bill's, and Chelsea's—to Goodwill, the Salvation Army, and local shelters and charities. Despite her busy schedule, she personally listed and valued each item. Yearly totals range from just under $1,000 to well over $2,300. Highlights include valuing Bill's used undershirts at $3 each and Bill's used running shoes at $10 and consistently donating the sort of personal items that most of us feel are best thrown away. (Bill's and Chelsea's underwear: $1 a pair.) One year Hillary gave away a host of Chelsea's toys. (One item, a Christmas bear, is crossed off. One can only imagine little Chelsea pleading to keep the bear, which mom believed would fetch a $3 deduction.)

Former Commissioner Alexander noted that the Clintons seemed to have an unusually high turnover in clothing. Another former IRS official questioned "whether the fair market value she ascribes to these old clothes are within the realm of reasonableness."

It is worth mentioning that Bill and Hillary did give large annual cash donations to charity. With the exception of significant checks to their respective churches, though, the lists are mostly comprised of $25, $50, and other relatively small-denomination checks to a profoundly politically correct list of causes with which ambitious liberals might want to stay in touch. The First Lady's taste for self-improvement for others is evident in generous yearly donations to an anti-smoking group.

Investment Strategy: His, Hers, Ours

It is less than shocking that the governor of a small Southern state got away with these petty abuses, or that his breadwinner wife was ambitious and cheap. Much more worrisome is the revelation that the two lawyers now raising your taxes, in order to "invest" the proceeds, have a shoddy investment record themselves, and didn't make money in the market in the bullish 1980s until well-connected friends offered useful tips. (Actually, it's unclear what Bill's financial role really was. Hillary's salary went from roughly $50,000 to $200,000-plus in a decade, and she appears to have made the investment decisions.)

The Clintons' investments betray no coherent, long-term strategy. In the early and mid-1980s they engaged in several tax-motivated oil- and gas-drilling partnerships, none of which were particularly profitable, but all of which produced the desired tax losses. These investments, curtailed after the tax reforms of 1986, are precisely the kind of economically wasteful tax shelter that many economists worry will flower under Clinton's new tax proposals.

Another hallmark of the Clinton investment style was buying shares of small companies, holding them for less than a year, and then selling them to buy new stocks. Almost all of these trades, mostly in small, high-flying equities, resulted in losses, climaxing in 1987 when Hillary managed to drop over $2,500 in a single day on an extremely speculative futures transaction. Nor did the Clintons apply high-minded liberal ethics to their money, as Hillary's profits from South African diamond mines (DeBeers, Inc.) attest. When confronted by journalists and black leaders during the campaign, Bill denied having known about the investment, and Hillary claimed her broker had done it without her knowledge. So who cashed those dividend checks?

The First Financial Planners have always wanted to "beat the market," even if it meant cutting corners, as is evident in their investment in Whitewater Development Corporation, a failed real estate project in the Ozarks. Even though the Clintons had signed a loan, they appear not to have had to

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pay up on their debt. We will never know the truth of the allegations that the Clintons got a sweetheart deal from the developer (and subsequent S&L owner) who instigated and bankrolled the deal. Adequate financial records were never kept (or were lost), and the forensic accountant hired during last year's campaign to reconstruct the deal threw up his hands in despair. At that point, Hillary told the media that she and her husband had disclosed more about their finances than any other candidates in history, and with an injured air closed the discussion.

Cronies and Partners

The serious Rodham/Clinton investments, the ones that landed the First Couple in the top 3 percent of America's wealth holders, all share the same themes: cronyism and concentration in areas where state licensing and regulation is key—call it the Lyndon Johnson investment plan. They were notably successful with an investment in Arkansas Cellular Communications, a joint venture entered into by various of the state's movers and shakers. In 1988 alone, they realized profits of $42,000 from a minimal investment. Their most profitable investments were partnerships and joint ventures. What the people who put up the real cash got is anybody's guess, though many are coming east these days. Webb Hubbell, for instance, who joined the Clintons in at least one such venture, was confirmed in May as associate attorney general.

Investment partnerships are not the only indirect income benefits that accrue to professional politicians. Usually, even brilliant young attorneys like Hillary work longer than six months as associates before being made partners at extremely prestigious law firms. And did Sam Walton want Hillary on his board of directors because of her financial acumen? Or did he value her connection to the governor of the state in which Wal-Mart was headquartered?

Hillary was clever enough to cash out of her partnership at the Rose Law Firm by December 31, 1992, hours before her lump sum payment of $203,172 would have been taxed at the new, Bill-imposed rates of 36 percent, up from 31 percent. Considering that her husband's taxable income for 1993 would be $200,000, up from $35,000, she was probably also afraid of the new "millionaire's surtax." You'd have to give away a lot of old underwear to cancel out those new tax rates. ❐

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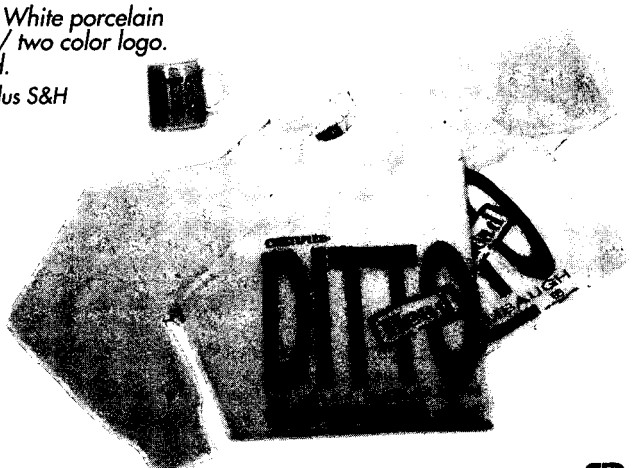

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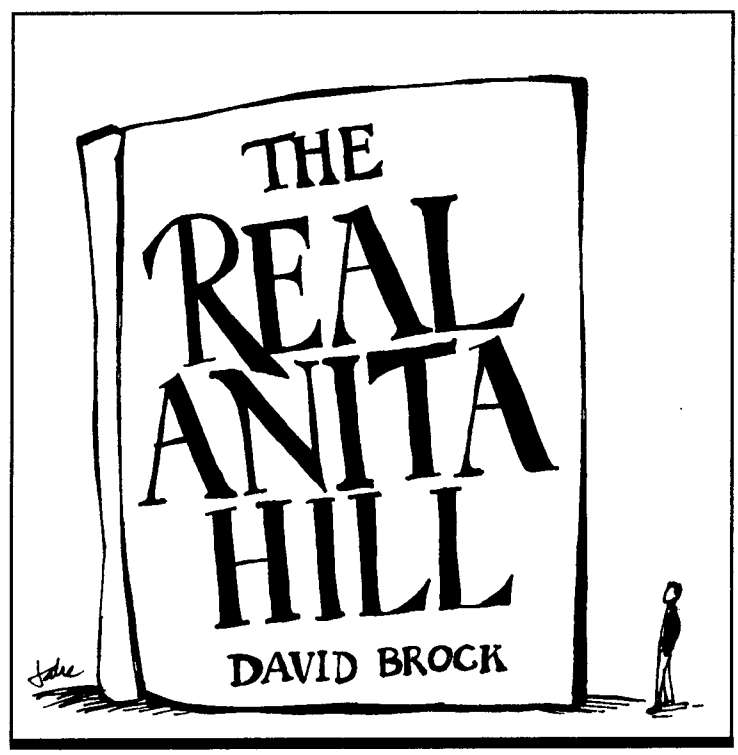
David Brock

Jane and Jill and Anita Hill

At the New Yorker, *they don't know jack.*



In response to a review of my book The Real Anita Hill *in the May 24 issue of the* New Yorker, *I wrote the following eight-page single-spaced reply. The review had appeared on Monday, May 17. On May 20, my editor at the Free Press, Adam Bellow, sent a letter to* New Yorker *editor Tina Brown requesting that the magazine print the reply. Noting that the* New Yorker *does not traditionally publish letters to the editor, Bellow wrote that considering the "innovative and adventurous spirit you [Brown] have brought to the magazine . . . we hope you will agree that it is only fair to allow our author the right of response to his critics."*

Having received no timely response from the New Yorker, *on May 26 I wrote to the authors of the review, Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson, asking them to meet me in debate on the facts of the Hill-Thomas case in any forum of their choosing. Earlier in the week, the two had declined invitations to appear opposite me on both "Larry King Live" and the "Charlie Rose Show" to discuss my book and their review. I have yet to receive any response. (Their refusal to appear resulted in the cancellation of those bookings—apparently I may not appear on television unless accompanied by someone who will brand my book a lie at the very moment it is being presented to the public.)*

On June 14, the New Yorker *finally reached a judgment. Not surprisingly, after a month-long investigation, the magazine's fact-checking department had determined that all of Mayer and Abramson's facts were right and all of mine were wrong. "After reviewing both the [Brock] letter and the [fact-checkers'] memorandum, I remain confident that our review is factually sound, and I see nothing in the letter that would merit its publication in our pages," Brown wrote.*

Newspapers and magazines, of course, regularly publish letters that the editors of those publications may find unpersuasive. The question was not whether the New Yorker *found my reply to be correct, but rather whether a free exchange on the issues raised in the book and the review would be permitted in the magazine's pages.*

That issue now settled, my publishers and I have decided to print the reply in a magazine that has offered

David Brock is an investigative writer for The American Spectator *and author of* The Real Anita Hill: The Untold Story *(Free Press).*

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to do so in full. In the weeks that have passed since I first wrote it, I have edited the reply somewhat to reflect new information that has come to my attention. To further clarify certain issues in dispute I have also amended the reply to include, where appropriate in my judgment, any relevant information disclosed in the 30-page, 48-point memorandum from the New Yorker *in reply to my reply.*

The *New Yorker* has published a review of my book *The Real Anita Hill* by Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson, reporters for the *Wall Street Journal*. The reporters are themselves writing a book on the same subject, to be published later this year, entitled *Strange Justice: The Selling of Clarence Thomas*. Their review impugns my professional reputation and integrity, and purports to disprove or contradict many of the factual assertions in my book.

Mayer and Abramson's misuse of the facts is a technique instantly recognizable to anyone who has read the chapters of my book dealing with the "borking" strategies employed against those deemed to be politically incorrect. As the reviewers themselves note, "all nonfiction books contain errors," and I acknowledge that my book will be found to contain some minor ones. But Mayer and Abramson go much further, alleging—but never demonstrating—a pattern of deliberate distortion on my part. This allows them to avoid any discussion of the massive evidence I cite for questioning Hill's credibility.

Not surprisingly, after a month-long investigation, the New Yorker*'s fact-checking department had determined that all of Mayer and Abramson's facts were right and all of mine were wrong.*

The Hoerchner Testimony

Mayer and Abramson assert that I do not explore the possibility that Susan Hoerchner—who told Senate investigators and the FBI that the now-famous call from Hill complaining of sexual harassment came in the spring of 1981, six months before Hill went to work for Thomas—simply "got the date of the conversation wrong by a few months." This objection—that I have taken an insignificant lapse of memory and inflated it into a massive credibility problem—has been raised by a number of reviewers. However, I spent virtually an entire chapter carefully considering whether or not this was simply a slip by Hoerchner.

In the end, I argue against the possibility that Hoerchner simply got the date wrong, on these grounds: By Hoerchner's own account, given in an interview with the Senate Judiciary Committee before she testified publicly, she moved from Washington to California in September 1981, the same month that Anita Hill went to work for Thomas. Hoerchner further described the call as having come in the context of weekly local calls while both she and Hill were working in Washington. She said that in subsequent calls she raised the subject of harassment, but that Hill declined to discuss it. And she said she lost touch with Hill after moving to California.

Therefore, by Hoerchner's own account—a transcript of which Mayer and Abramson appear to have been unable to obtain—Hill's complaint of "harassment" to Hoerchner could not have been made during the time Hill worked for Thomas. Furthermore, when this discrepancy was pointed out to Hoerchner in the course of the interview, Anita Hill's attorney asked that the interview with Hoerchner go off the record so that she could confer with the witness. When Hoerchner returned, she could suddenly recall nothing about the circumstances of the call. But she was now adamant that Hill had named her "boss Clarence" as the harasser during the call, a point on which she had previously been unsure.

Mayer and Abramson try to create the impression that I am unaware or have willfully failed to report that Hoerchner characterized her recollection about the date as a "guess," and contend that I would have found this out had I simply interviewed Hoerchner or her attorney, Ronald Allen. I attempted on several occasions, once by certified letter, to obtain an interview with Hoerchner, and had several conversations with Allen. Hoerchner declined to be interviewed, but she did set forth her version of events in a letter to me, which I duly cite in the book. More importantly, I quote Hoerchner (at page 212) as saying in her committee interview, ". . . I have only been able to guess at the time—prior to September 1981 . . ."

Mayer and Abramson assert that in her FBI interview, Hoerchner characterized the date of her phone call with Hill as a "wild guess." Apparently, Mayer and Abramson have ascertained this "fact" from Hoerchner's latest attempt—in the wake of the publication of my book—to explain the discrepancy, in a letter to *Newsweek* of May 10, 1993: "My estimate was made Sept. 23, 1991—about ten years after the fact—during my FBI interview, at the agent's insistence, and only after I had repeatedly told him that any such estimate could only be a wild guess," Hoerchner wrote. But as Hoerchner and Mayer and Abramson mistakenly imply, the phrase "wild guess" does not appear anywhere in the FBI interview of Hoerchner, a copy of which Mayer and Abram-

[1] More recently, Hoerchner has come up with yet another variation on her original story. She told *Time* (June 28, 1993) that she did not lose touch with Hill "until much, much later, after she left the EEOC [in July 1983]." This is a distinct change from her prior statement that her contacts with Hill were "less than sporadic" after she moved to California in September 1981, consisting of a chance meeting at a professional conference in 1984.

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son do not appear to have seen, nor does it appear anywhere in the record.[1] My contention is that Hoerchner's "realization" of the discrepancy came in her Judiciary Committee staff interview, not in her sworn testimony, as Mayer and Abramson claim I said.

Mayer and Abramson falsely charge that I have omitted from the book the following Hoerchner testimony: "[Hill] had gone to work for Clarence Thomas in the Department of Education before she mentioned any problems with harassment." Yet I reported (at page 215) the following Hoerchner testimony: "I should say, before telling you about this conversation, that I cannot pin down its date with certainty. I am sure that it was after she started working with Clarence Thomas because in that conversation she referred to him as her boss, Clarence."

Obviously, Judge Hoerchner testified publicly that Hill complained of harassment by Thomas; the question is whether her testimony was true—and there is a good deal of evidence indicating that it was not. Mayer and Abramson make no attempt to deal with any of that evidence.

The Shiles Affidavit

Mayer and Abramson claim that my use of an affidavit charging that Hill put pubic hair in her students' papers is "the most egregious . . . of the book's distortions." Jeff Londoff, named in the affidavit of Lawrence Shiles as one of the students who received the hairs in his term paper, is quoted by Mayer and Abramson as characterizing the original pubic hair story as a "joke," and says, "No one would know if the hairs were pubic or not."

Though Mayer and Abramson try to show that Londoff has either changed his story or been misquoted by me, I reported *the exact same thing* (at page 356) they are now reporting: that Londoff "could not be sure" whether or not the hairs were pubic. Further, contrary to the charge that I "distorted a puerile student joke into a corroborated instance of seriously strange behavior," in Note 30 of Chapter Nine, I myself dismissed the import of the entire Shiles affidavit: "The fact that the students joked that the hairs were pubic at the time was confirmed by other students in the class. But this may have simply been a sexist and even racist joke made about the sole black female professor in the school." I also quoted one Justice Department official (at page 355) as saying that the story was regarded as "akin to an Elvis sighting" by department lawyers.

Mayer and Abramson further purport to reveal that the Shiles story was discovered by GOP Senate staff and imply that I covered up this fact. Yet in introducing the pubic hair story, I wrote (at page 355):

> Republican Senate staffers were busy canvassing students and former students of Hill's looking for dirt on the professor, about whom almost nothing was known. The staffers did not have to look very far before they came upon the story of a former ORU student of Hill's who claimed that she had put pubic hair in one of his law school exams.

My statement that Shiles was "under no pressure from the divided Thomas camp" to swear the affidavit, viewed in its context, clearly refers to the split between Senator Danforth, Thomas's Senate sponsor, and the Justice Department on the issue. This "divided Thomas camp" ultimately decided to do nothing with respect to Shiles, as I reported. As I clearly stated at more than one point in the book, my references to "the Thomas camp" were not meant to include free-lancing Republican Senate staffers, nor even Republican Senators other than Danforth.

Wald, Harkrader

Mayer and Abramson assert that I did not present the reader with information contradicting John Burke's account that he had told Anita Hill, in a conversation in the spring of 1981, that it would be in her best professional interests to leave the Wald, Harkrader law firm, where she worked before she joined Clarence Thomas at the Department of Education. Yet (at page 224) I reported Donald Green's sworn statement that "Certainly, the Associate Development Committee, which I chaired, did not ask or press her to leave." I also reported Green's statement that "Hill's performance was not held to be unsatisfactory by the Wald firm."

Robert Wald and Donald Green—both of whom played indirect roles in helping to prepare Hill for her Senate testimony against Thomas—appear to have refused to give even friendly reporters Mayer and Abramson the actual records of the firm.

But this does not contradict Burke, because it does not address whether Burke or anyone but the Associate Development Committee as a body suggested to Hill that she leave the firm. As I argued in the book, the point is not whether Green (or anyone else at the firm) did *not* know of the Burke conversation or that the firm's records allegedly do *not* show that Hill worked with Burke; the only relevant point is whether or not Burke had a conversation with Hill in which he told her she should leave the firm. If he did, Hill was lying when she said that "no one asked me to leave the firm in any way."

Robert Wald and Green—both of whom played indirect roles in helping to prepare Hill for her Senate testimony against Thomas—appear to have refused to give even friendly reporters Mayer and Abramson the actual records of the firm. What is in the records? Would they necessarily document every instance in which every Wald lawyer worked with another? What is meant by the phrase "not . . . unsatisfactory?" How do the records characterize Hill's performance? Could it be the case that while Hill's performance was "not . . . unsatisfactory" her prospects were "limited," as Burke claims he told her?

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Mayer and Abramson ignore my corroboration for Burke's affidavit, including the statements of Judith Hope and David Berz. Then, having previously dismissed my Hoerchner theory as an "extraordinary case of mistaken identity," they try to discredit Burke by suggesting that he confused Hill with another black woman in the firm who Mayer and Abramson allege was having performance problems at the same time!

I am thoroughly familiar with this suggestion, since it was first made by Green himself in a letter to Senator Biden after the hearings concluded. I asked Burke about it in a 1992 interview; he said it was ridiculous to think he could not tell one black woman from another. I also wrote to Green asking for the name of the phantom black woman, but he did not respond. Mayer and Abramson are unable to name the alleged woman; and by omitting the corroboration for Burke, they are able to overlook the obvious fact that if Burke has the wrong woman, then Hope, Berz and others from the Wald firm must all have the wrong woman as well.

I was able to determine that another black woman by the name of Loretta Argrette worked for Burke at the firm, but Argrette was regarded by Burke and the attorneys in Burke's division of the firm as highly competent. She was certainly never asked to leave the firm by Burke. Therefore, I did not feel obliged to report an unsubstantiated suggestion raised by Hill's supporters then—and now produced as a new "fact" by Mayer and Abramson. In retrospect, I would have noted Green's suggestion in a footnote.

The *New Yorker*'s fact-checking department insists that the alleged absence of any indication in the firms records that Hill ever worked for Burke "makes it highly unlikely that [Burke] would have had any role in evaluating Hill's work . . ." and that Burke, "as the juniormost partner in the firm at the time, with no role in the firm's associate-evaluation process, was in no position to tell an associate to leave the firm." But if Burke was "in no position to tell an associate to leave the firm," does the theory that Burke had told a black female associate other than Hill to leave the firm make sense? The name of this other woman remains undisclosed, though it is clear that even a name will not be enough to disprove or directly contradict Burke's affidavit.

The recollections of Hope and Berz do not, in the judgment of the *New Yorker*'s fact-checkers, constitute "substantial corroboration" for Burke's affidavit. Hope is dismissed because she did not submit an affidavit against Hill at the time. And Berz has apparently told the *New Yorker* that he feels I "misrepresented" his remarks about Hill's performance problems at the firm and took them "out of context." He does not believe he has corroborated Burke's account. Berz was quoted accurately. I refer readers to page 224 to judge the import of his remarks for themselves.

To the extent that this matter still remains in dispute, it seems to me that Mayer and Abramson cannot rely on descriptions of the firm's records by former partners who supported Anita Hill during the Senate hearings to make their case. The release of the now-defunct firm's records is essential, though even that may not prove definitive, and seems quite unlikely. "It has always been the policy of the partners . . . to maintain the confidentiality of its personnel files. . . . [T]ime records and evaluation records contain privileged client information, and so cannot be made public," according to the *New Yorker*.

I reported that Judiciary Committee Republicans attempted to secure a subpoena for the Hill employment records after the Burke affidavit was sworn, but the Democrats quashed the request on a party-line vote. In this connection, I also wrote that Circuit Judge Patricia Wald, wife of Robert Wald, "was close to" Senators Kennedy and Simon. The link was raised to suggest that Patricia Wald was a possible conduit of information regarding Hill's work history at Wald, Harkrader from Hill's legal team to Hill's partisans on the committee.

Mayer and Abramson say that Wald and Simon "agree" that they have never met. I did not mean to suggest that Wald and Simon have a personal relationship, only that they are political allies. Whatever the case with Simon, Wald does not seem to contest the relationship with Kennedy, so the general point stands.

Hill's Other Witnesses

I have no access to interviews Mayer and Abramson say they have conducted with Hill's three other witnesses. They are incorrect in claiming I have not interviewed any of the three. All three received certified letters requesting an interview. John Carr and Joel Paul declined. But the phrase "in an interview" appears at page 252 before a reference to Ellen Wells. I can only stipulate to what the witnesses said under oath, and in the extensive interviews done by the

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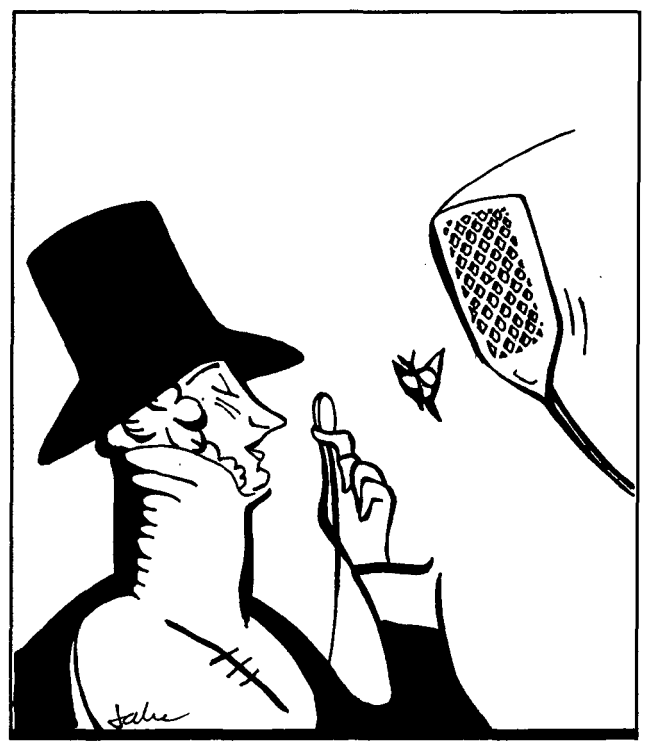
Senate Judiciary Committee before they testified. At that time, neither Carr nor Paul could name Thomas as the perpetrator of the harassment; and Wells could not provide one detail of the alleged behavior by Thomas, nor could she in my interview. If they later left Mayer and Abramson "[with] no doubt that Hill confided both the nature and the source of her harassment problem," one has to wonder why they didn't provide this information to the committee under oath at the time. (Wells told the *New Yorker* that "she may have spoken briefly with someone who may have been Brock, but that she never gave him anything that she considers an interview . . .")

Mayer and Abramson hint that there are other—unnamed—corroborators for Hill's charge who never came forward at the time of the hearings and have not been interviewed by me. If this is so, where were they two years ago, when Anita Hill was adamant in telling the FBI that Hoerchner was the only witness for her charge and then later changed her story and testified that she had told only three additional people? Could it be that memories are being enhanced even now, as Anita Hill's credibility is being undermined in a best-selling book?



This raises the more general problem of being reviewed by journalists who are writing their own competing book on the subject. More than once, Mayer and Abramson try to raise doubts about my reporting by implying that they know more than I do, yet they do not say what. The reader is thus unable to fairly evaluate their contention, because Mayer and Abramson have yet to show their hand. I had thought it was a convention of book reviewing to avoid such blatant conflicts of interest.

Angela Wright

In an attempt to re-establish the credibility of Angela Wright, the so-called "other woman" with a harassment charge against Thomas, Mayer and Abramson fail to address any of the substantive issues raised in the book: Wright's own statement that she was not going to charge Thomas with harassment; Wright's general credibility problems and particular threats to retaliate against Thomas for firing her; and Wright's decision not to testify.

Instead, they focus on the minor matters of whether or not Wright had been interviewed by the FBI and whether or not her statement to the committee was "sworn." While I correctly reported that Wright had "refused to be interviewed by the FBI," she eventually yielded and was interviewed by the bureau on Saturday, October 12, 1991, as Mayer and Abramson assert, and as I have been able to verify independently. Yet I have obtained the section of the FBI report dealing with Angela Wright's charges and there is no interview of Wright in it; Mayer and Abramson seem unable to produce a record of the interview, much less report what it says. Thus the mere fact that Wright was interviewed by the FBI does nothing to enhance our knowledge of the substance of her statement against Thomas, nor does it establish the credibility of that statement.

When Wright issued her statement to the Senate Judiciary Committee on October 11, 1991, the statement was in fact unsworn, as I reported. Having reviewed the record once again, I cannot locate any "legal affidavit under oath" made by Wright subsequent to her unsworn statement to the committee. In the transcript of the hearing, Biden, quoting from a letter he had written to Wright, referred to "the transcribed interview of you." He then quoted this statement from Wright: "I agree [to] the admission of the transcript of my interview . . . in the record." Nowhere is there a reference to any alleged affidavit made by Wright retroactively conferring sworn status on her statement, nor is the statement anywhere referred to as "sworn." In the Federal News Service transcript of the hearings, the full text of the unsworn Wright statement appears in the record, but the affidavit that Mayer and Abramson refer to does not.

According to Senate staff, after the hearings had concluded, the committee realized that under Senate rules Wright's unsworn statement could not be entered into the record. Wright was then sent a form in which she swore to the truth of the prior statement.

These two technical points could have been cleared up easily had Wright granted me an interview. There is no way one could determine from the record that Wright had been interviewed by the FBI or that she had signed this affidavit subsequent to her committee interview. If Wright told Mayer and Abramson that I made no attempt to contact her on these or any other matters, this is a lie. Wright was called at the *Charlotte Observer* in North Carolina in late 1992 and asked for an interview. She declined, as Mayer and Abramson should have been aware from page 416 of the book.

Hill and James Brudney

In disputing my claim that Hill and Jim Brudney—the for-

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mer aide to Senator Metzenbaum whom I accuse of leaking Hill's confidential committee statement to the press—were friends during the time that Hill worked for Thomas at the EEOC, Mayer and Abramson endeavor to attack the credibility of my two sources. They are both named in the book, but Mayer and Abramson leave them unnamed in their review, creating the misleading impression that the sourcing was anonymous. They say that one source (Armstrong Williams) mistakenly "told Senate investigators that Brudney was working for the Senate at the time." I do not know which "investigators" Mayer and Abramson are referring to, nor am I aware of any such alleged statement by Williams. Can Mayer and Abramson produce a record of it, or at least name the "investigators"?

The *New Yorker*'s fact-checkers write: "According to a knowledgeable source, the statement appears in the transcript of the interview of Williams by Senate Judiciary Committee members Biden and Thurmond. Williams claimed that Brudney was "one of the few people that Ms. Hill ever talked about at the agency with [him]," and that she "let [Williams] know that [Brudney] was on the staff of a Senator."

In early May, Abramson told Armstrong Williams that . . . overall she found the book "very factual" and consistent with her own reporting on this matter.

I do not have this transcript—nor, apparently, do Mayer and Abramson. To my knowledge, the committee members did not conduct any interviews of potential witnesses, so I would question how "knowledgeable" this source is.

In any event, even if Williams did misremember where Brudney was employed at the time, this has no bearing on his clear testimony that Hill mentioned Brudney by name and received numerous telephone calls from him during the time Williams and Hill worked together at the EEOC.

Williams's statement is independently corroborated by another named source, Diane Holt, who recalls Hill speaking of dates with Brudney and of having spent weekends at his apartment. Holt's recollection that the apartment was "in Foggy Bottom, I think" is seized upon by Mayer and Abramson to discredit her entire statement. Brudney, they write, "has never lived in Foggy Bottom."

"During the years that Anita Hill lived in Washington," the *New Yorker*'s fact-checkers reveal, "James Brudney lived at two addresses: 20th Street and Calvert Street, and 18th Street and Summit Place. Both are in Adams Morgan, which is 'near' Foggy Bottom only in the sense that the Upper East Side is 'near' Harlem. The Dupont Circle and Kalorama Road neighborhoods separate Foggy Bottom from Adams Morgan. Culturally, they are loosely comparable to the East Village (Adams Morgan) and Park Avenue in the upper fifties (Foggy Bottom)."

Finally, Mayer and Abramson produce an unnamed "spokesman for Brudney" to deny that he was in touch with Hill during her EEOC years; why won't Brudney himself go on the record and deny my account? Obviously, neither Williams nor Holt needed to have personal knowledge of Brudney's employment or his domicile to say that Brudney was friendly with Hill during the period. I cannot believe that Williams and Holt conspired to lie to me about this or have the same mistaken recollection.

According to the *New Yorker,* Mayer and Abramson continue to believe that Williams and Holt are mistaken about any Hill-Brudney connection. The Brudney spokesman is now identified by the *New Yorker* as one Joel Johnson, chief of staff to Senator Metzenbaum. He says, "Hill and Brudney were never anything but friends of friends . . ." As to the silence of Brudney, "Brudney has consistently refused to be interviewed on the subject of the Clarence Thomas/Anita Hill affair."

The main argument made in my book still stands: Brudney used his prior acquaintance with Hill—whatever the extent of the acquaintance—as leverage to pull Hill forward and charge Thomas. Why would she accept thirteen calls in as many days from a stranger and surrender to him a secret copy of her confidential allegations against Thomas? By their own account, Mayer and Abramson show that the two had to have known each other. Brudney, they wrote, "saw and spoke to Hill once when they were both in Washington, when he bumped into her on the street." Surely you must know someone in order to be able to "bump into" them. And why the phrase "saw and spoke"? This would not rule out friendly telephone calls, would it?

The Polygraph

Mayer and Abramson purport to disclose that Paul Minor, the man who conducted Hill's polygraph test and comes under criticism in my book, "was a full-time polygraph examiner for the federal government from 1972 until 1987, when he retired as chief of the FBI's polygraph division." Yet (at page 283) I identified Minor as "a former chief polygrapher for the FBI." The more serious problems—including the circumstances under which the exam was given, the refusal to release control questions and the actual polygraph chart, and Minor's prior false results and his attempts to hide these in the press conference when the results were announced—are not broached at all by Mayer and Abramson.[2]

[2]In a June 9 letter to the *Washington Times*, Paul Minor disputed my account that he had two results that later were shown to be false. The first result, Minor says, was contradicted by other examiners but not proven wrong. Minor concedes that the second result—in which he found a witness to be lying—was later contravened when the story was corroborated in part, but Minor considers the truth of the matter still "unresolved." →

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Simon, Metzenbaum, and the Fleming Report

I drew the conclusion that Simon and Metzenbaum had not been interviewed by leak investigator Peter Fleming from the footnotes in the Fleming report. Where a witness had been interviewed, Fleming's practice was to refer, to take one example, to "interview of Senator Leahy." Only in the cases of Senators Simon and Metzenbaum do the notations read, for example, "statement of Senator Simon, Para. No. 5." Fleming is a careful lawyer, and thus there must be some reason for the different notation in the Simon and Metzenbaum cases. Neither Simon nor Metzenbaum (both recipients of certified letters requesting interviews), nor their staffs, nor Fleming, would speak to me. Since Mayer and Abramson do not provide the basis for their assertion that both senators were in fact interviewed by Fleming, and the supporting documentation of the Fleming report (texts of interviews, depositions, and written statements) has been sealed by the Senate for fifty years, I cannot independently verify this claim. The *New Yorker* attributes the information to the senators' "public information representatives."

If in fact the two senators were interviewed, this was nothing more than an innocent error on my part. To the extent that a dispute exists about the matter, however, the proper thing for the Senate to do is to release the Fleming records to the public.

Correction

I have asked the Free Press to make one factual correction in my 438-page book. I reported that law professor Catharine MacKinnon had advised Anita Hill's attorneys by telephone prior to Hill's appearance before the Senate Judiciary Committee. I based my statements to this effect on a confidential source and a published report (in the *New Republic* by *Newsweek* reporter Bob Cohn, who covered the Thomas-Hill hearings). It has recently been brought to my attention that the published report was later corrected, and I now believe that my source was simply mistaken. Accordingly, I have asked the publisher to take immediate steps to correct this error in the next printing of the book.

The Foundations

I have no comment on Mayer and Abramson's attack on my motives, except to correct their insinuation that my author's note constituted something less than "full disclosure." The reviewers make much of the fact that William Simon, the chairman of the board of the Olin Foundation, which gave me a $5,000 grant for my book, was also the finance chairman of the Citizens Committee to Confirm Clarence Thomas. I had no knowledge of Simon's connection to the Citizens Committee, and would have told them so had they asked. When the two inquired about the amount of the grant, they were told by Olin, yet they preferred to use the word "bankrolled" to describe the contribution, leaving the amount unreported.

Secondly, Mayer and Abramson's assertion that "the well-funded conservative coalition" supporting the Thomas nomination "was backed in part by the same foundations that have supported this book" is misleading. Despite Simon's involvement with the Committee (consisting of the use of his name for fundraising and a small personal donation), to my knowledge no Olin Foundation or Bradley Foundation money was specifically used in any pro-Thomas lobbying effort.

What Remains Unchallenged

In conclusion, I think it is worth noting briefly what Mayer and Abramson do *not* contest. This includes the full sequence of events, with Senate staff and interest groups pressuring Hill in the days leading up to her televised testimony; my argument that the committee acted properly in this case (contrary to the many unfounded assertions in Abramson's own reporting for the *Journal* at the time, which comes under heavy criticism in my book—another interest which Abramson does not disclose in the review); my naming of Simon and Brudney as the leakers of Hill's allegations to the press; the entire list of false, incorrect, and misleading statements in Hill's sworn testimony; the case that Hill's charge was not "typical" of sexual harassment charges; the fact that Thomas exhibited no pattern of harassment; my exhaustive account of the relationship between Thomas and Hill when they worked together; my conclusion that Hill was falsely presented as a Bork-supporting Reagan conservative when in fact she is a feminist and liberal activist, giving her an ideological motive to stop the Thomas confirmation; the revelation that Hill had a supervisor other than Thomas at the EEOC who was a known sexual harasser . . . and so on.

In early May, Jill Abramson told Armstrong Williams that while she found my book "too speculative" in parts, overall she found the book "very factual" and consistent with her own reporting on this matter. Her book would "end up corroborating" much of what I reported, she told Williams. Either Abramson was misleading Williams, or something happened in the intervening period—perhaps the favorable reviews and strong sales of *The Real Anita Hill*?

According to the *New Yorker*'s fact-checkers, "Abramson denies ever having said anything of the sort to Williams, and says she has told him so, in a conversation in which Williams told her that Brock had mischaracterized the purported conversation between Williams and herself. Mayer, who heard the conversation on a speakerphone, confirms this."

In a June 15 letter to me, Williams denied telling Abramson that I had mischaracterized the conversation. He told her only that he had regretted that I made the contents of these conversations public. Furthermore, as I understand it, Abramson was in California when she called Williams, and Mayer was not. Thus the "speakerphone" scenario does not ring true.

Mayer and Abramson charge that I have an "agenda" and they have the facts; I invite readers to examine my book, their article, and decide for themselves. ❐

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Daniel Wattenberg

Gunning for Koresh

It was only when their funding was up for review—and a pattern of sexual harassment emerged at their agency—that the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms decided to make an example of David Koresh and his Branch Davidian followers.

Appearing before the House Judiciary Committee nine days after the incineration of David Koresh's Mount Carmel Center and most of those who dwelt within its walls, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms director Stephen Higgins referred to the search and arrest warrants his agents had tried to execute two months earlier. The affidavit filed in support of the warrants, said Higgins, detailed some of Koresh's "clear messages that he and his followers were bound together in a vision that promised them all—and others who were in their paths—death."

Although Higgins mischaracterized the warrant, he did faithfully encapsulate the government's theory of the Texas barbecue of the Branch Davidians: Koresh—or Vernon Howell, as he was originally called—set himself and his followers ablaze on April 19, and this mass self-immolation represented the inevitable self-fulfillment of his apocalyptic teaching. By now this is the generally accepted theory.

It is nonetheless a theory predicated almost wholly on forgetting. Forgetting, for example, that while it was Koresh who purportedly willed an apocalyptic showdown, it was the ATF that dictated—twice—the timing and setting of confrontation. Koresh seems to have taken no steps toward fulfilling any deadly vision except on two extraordinary occasions—February 28, when a hundred heavily armed ATF agents arrived unannounced at his door, and April 19, when combat engineering vehicles began tearing holes in his domicile and suffusing it with a severe chemical irritant known as CS.

Had the members of the House Judiciary panel carefully read their copies of the affidavit, they might have questioned whether it warranted Higgins's confident conviction that Koresh willed the two-part holocaust that claimed the lives of four ATF agents and more than eighty Branch Davidians. Indeed, they might have questioned whether the ATF affidavit even established grounds for believing that Koresh was apt to commit a violent crime or endanger anyone beyond the boundaries of his property.

They might even have considered another possibility that has not yet made its way into the popular consciousness: Maybe the bureau never seriously tried to tailor its enforcement means to the size of the actual threat. Maybe it did the reverse. Maybe it first choreographed its lightning strike on the Davidians and later—for bureaucratic reasons best known to itself—fabricated from the disparate investigative materials at hand a threat of such frightening proportions that it licensed the otherwise inexplicable means. Close inspection of the publicly available material on the ATF investigation of David Koresh invites just such a hypothesis. →

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The Aguilera Affidavit

Certainly, Higgins erred in his assertion that the ATF search warrant detailed "messages" imputed to Koresh that his religious vision "promised them all—and others who were in their paths—death." This 15-page single-spaced document contains only one fragment of conversation that might possibly be construed as a "clear message" of the kind cited by Higgins.

The dark prophecy in question was related third-hand to ATF Special Agent Davy Aguilera, the ATF's lead investigator in the Koresh probe and the author of the affidavit. On December 7, 1992, Aguilera interviewed ATF Special Agent Carlos Torres, who had assisted his investigation of the Branch Davidians. Torres mentioned an interview three days earlier of Joyce Sparks, a child-abuse investigator with the Texas Department of Human Services, who had twice visited the Mount Carmel Center to investigate reports that Koresh was "operating a commune type compound" and "sexually abusing young girls."

According to Aguilera's affidavit, Sparks told Torres that on her second and final visit to the compound on April 6, 1992, "Koresh told her that he was the 'Messenger' from God, that the world was coming to an end, and that when he 'reveals' himself the riots in Los Angeles would pale in comparison to what was going to happen in Waco, Texas." Koresh explained to Sparks, according to the affidavit, that his self-revelation "would be a 'military type operation' and that all the 'non-believers' would have to suffer."

The character of the ATF's Koresh investigation changed radically in the weeks just after bureau officials would have learned that "60 Minutes" had them in its sights.

One might quarrel with Higgins's cavalier assertion that this single reported exchange supports the view that Koresh welcomed the deadly events of February 28 and April 19 as the fulfillment of some idiosyncratic eschatological vision. This would be an idle quibble, however, because the Aguilera affidavit is wrong. Koresh did *not* tell Sparks on her visit to the compound that "the riots in Los Angeles would pale in comparison" to his self-revelation in Waco. Unless the man really was a prophet, he could not have told her this. The Los Angeles riots broke out on April 29, 1992, more than three weeks after Sparks had last visited Koresh.

Was Koresh a Threat?

On February 28, 1993, a hundred ATF agents converged on the Ranch Apocalypse "cocked and locked," as Koresh was to put it. They had been drilled in a plan to enter the front door within seven seconds after scrambling from two goose-necked cattle trailers, and to gain control of the compound within sixty seconds. Not much margin for reflection and reaction by Koresh, "kinked up" (the FBI's phrase) as he already was by an exposé of his unorthodox community that had begun just the day before in the local paper. Still, not an injudicious use of state power, I would say, if the purpose was to protect a community terrorized by a nest of heavily armed and criminally violent monsters. But deployed in pursuit of one individual inside on charges of violating somewhat technical provisions of federal weapons laws, such means raise the question of proportionality.

David Koresh had never been convicted of a crime, violent or otherwise. He had complied peacefully with lawful authorities at least four times. He had surrendered himself to the local sheriff in 1987 on a bizarre attempted murder charge far more serious than the weapons violations the ATF suspected him of. (A hung jury voted 9-3 to acquit him.) Koresh had not interfered with a Michigan judge's decision in a child-custody case to remove 12-year-old Kiri Jewell from the compound. As recently as February 1992, he had escorted local sheriff's deputies and child-abuse investigators through the compound after they had called beforehand to say they were coming. Koresh even invited one of the deputy sheriffs to come back and fish in their lake, according to McLennan County Sheriff Jack Harwell. "He was real nice to him, real congenial," he says.

In the eyes of local law enforcement, Koresh and the Davidians were private and territorial, but no threat to the surrounding community. "They were like living in another little country out there," observes Harwell. "They had their property line, and they were basically good people. All of 'em were good people. I don't know about Vernon Howell. I think he really believed he was what he told everybody he was, and I think he was probably sincere in everything that he taught. But the other thing that he did was to teach the philosophy that once anyone crossed that property line out there, it would be just like someone invading the United States."

The Firearms Cache

From June 4, 1992 to June 23, 1992, the ATF aggressively investigated Koresh for federal weapons violations. He had been accumulating firearms, mostly legal semi-automatic AR-15s. But, the ATF suspected, David Koresh wanted to "rock and roll"—that is, to convert semi-autos into machine guns.

The media have almost invariably characterized the Davidian arms cache as breathtakingly large. But that is a matter of interpretation. Texas Rangers recovered about 200 guns from the ashes of the Mount Carmel Center, roughly two per resident. Statewide in Texas, 17 million people own 60 million guns, or about four per resident. Still, it represents a large concentration of firepower in one place.

Machine guns, which fire more than one shot automatically with one pull of the trigger, are not unconditionally outlawed in the United States. In Texas, 16,500 residents own them. Prior to the McClure-Volkner Act of 1986, machine guns were legal, provided the tax on them had been paid to obtain the necessary license. Today, one may still legally own a registered machine gun manufactured before May 19, 1986.

Machine-gun parts can be legally sold. With the right com-

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bination of machine-gun parts and conversion parts, semi-autos can be converted to fire full-auto, and a skilled machinist can, with the right parts, manufacture a machine gun. Under the National Firearms Act, a machine gun is defined as any "combination of parts designed and intended, for use in converting a weapon into a machinegun, and any combination of parts from which a machinegun can be assembled if such parts are in the possession or under the control of the person."

Machine-gun conversions of the kind for which Koresh was under investigation constitute a new and tricky area of the law. "This is a very, very convoluted, technical, angels-dancing-on-the-head-of-a-pin kind of argument," says Robert Sanders, former enforcement chief of the ATF. "And there are no published rulings telling you what is and what isn't [a violation]."

Aguilera himself mischaracterized the legal definition of a machine gun in the second paragraph of his affidavit. Citing his familiarity with federal firearm laws, he stated that "any combination of parts *either designed or intended* for use in converting any firearm into a machinegun" is "unlawful." As we have seen, the applicable provision defines a machine gun as "any combination of parts designed *and* intended for use in converting a weapon into a machinegun." Aguilera's blunder is significant in the context of an investigation to determine whether there was probable cause to believe Koresh's legal acquisitions of (unspecified, in the warrant) M-16 parts were *intended* for the purpose of illegal machine-gun conversions.

Other Aguilera goofs raise further questions about his reliability. At one point he mistakes the legal definition of "destructive devices" (bombs, grenades, etc.) for that of "firearms." Elsewhere, he refers to two "M-16 E-Z" kits or "M-16 machinegun EZ kits" that were shipped to Koresh. In reality, these kits are known as *E-2* kits. (And whether an M-16 parts kit is a machine-gun kit depends on what M-16 parts are inside, and how they are used.)

That Aguilera was involved in establishing violations of a confoundingly technical area of the law may be just part of the explanation for his miscues. Aguilera apparently composed his 15-page brief in considerable haste between February 23 and February 25, 1993 (the ATF assault followed on the 28th), long after the information he had gathered about suspicious weapons shipments to Koresh would have been fresh in his mind. Indeed, it appears that the ATF had collected no reliable new information on suspicious weapons parts shipments to the Davidians after June 23, 1992, eight months before.

Stale Information

It is worth noting here that one test of a search warrant's validity is the timeliness of the evidence it presents. Dick DeGuerin, the Houston lawyer who represented Koresh during the Waco siege and now represents his mother, Bonnie Haldeman, argues that the ATF was working on "stale information," under standards derived from the 1932 Supreme Court case *Sgro* v. *United States*. Says DeGuerin, "The magistrate [has to] conclude that what they are searching for is there now, not that it was there at some time in the past."

Davy Aguilera's affidavit, submitted on February 25, 1993, contained no information less than eight months old on suspicious parts deliveries to the "Mag-Bag" metal shop the Davidians ran outside the compound, or to the Mt. Carmel Center. Stranger still, Aguilera reports no information of any kind pertaining to his Koresh investigation collected between June 23 and December 7, 1992, with three minor exceptions. For almost six months, his investigation of Koresh appears to have been virtually moribund.

In their reporting on the ATF investigation, the media appear to have been struck dumb by the amount of evidence stuffed into Aguilera's 15-page affidavit. But Aguilera's brief is larded with filler, like the trivial exceptions to the five-and-a-half month hiatus in the Koresh probe.

On November 13, a lieutenant in the County Sheriff's Department told Aguilera that an anonymous UPS employee had told him that "Marshall Keith Butler, a relative of the person who wishes to remain anonymous, is a machinist by trade, and is associated with Vernon Howell." But what is this doing in the warrant? There is no indication that Butler had any expertise in firearms. His association with Koresh is not specified, and his name never crops up again in the search warrant.

Also on November 13, a local deputy sheriff told Aguilera of hearing a loud explosion on the Mount Carmel Center grounds and observing a large cloud of gray smoke dissipating from ground level. Was it an illegal explosion? The warrant supplies no more evidence in support of such an assumption than it does in support of an assumption that the explosion was innocuous, related perhaps to the Davidians' continuing construction work on their property.

After the five-and-a-half-month lapse, the ATF investigation resumed in December 1992. Despite intensive efforts in June, the ATF had failed to establish probable cause to believe that Koresh was illegally manufacturing and concealing machine guns and destructive devices. "Congressman Fish asked me if we had probable cause by February," Director Higgins testified to the House panel in April. "We

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had a review in here—in the headquarters office in December with respect to whether we had probable cause. We decided at that point we did not, so we continued to gather information."

All those documented M-16 parts and grenade hulls and no probable cause? How's that? By now an attentive reader should have the answer. Higgins did: "What we were dealing with [in June] were parts, as well as explosive materials, that only become violations if you make something out of them."

Stale Witnesses

If the purpose of the flurry of interviews forming Part II of the ATF investigation was to build on the ATF's previous work and bolster case for probable cause, then it must be deemed a near-total failure. The warrant reports on interviews conducted after December 1992 with six former Davidians who had resided for varying lengths of time at Mount Carmel. With one exception, none said anything about what Koresh might have made with the weapons parts and explosive materials he acquired in 1992, which formed the basis of the ATF case. With one shaky exception, none of them *could* have. Because the parts and materials acquisitions so painstakingly documented by the bureau in June *all occurred during 1992*. As can be readily verified by anyone who would trouble to plot the relevant dates on a timeline, five of the six former cult members contacted *had each left the compound, left Waco, and left David Koresh and his sect behind well before that time.*

Davy Aguilera's affidavit, submitted on February 25, 1993, contained no information less than eight months old on suspicious parts deliveries to the "Mag-Bag" metal shop the Davidians ran outside the compound, or to the Mount Carmel Center.

Robyn Bunds, a former Davidian and the mother of a child by Koresh, was interviewed on December 11, 1992. She had left the commune in 1990.

Jeannine Bunds, Robyn's mother, was interviewed on December 12. As a member of Koresh's harem, the House of David, Mama Bunds, like her daughter, had slept with Koresh, each in the conviction, shared by all the other women in the House of David, that procreation was the function of sex with Koresh, and an extraordinary type of procreation at that: they believed they were receiving the seed of the Lamb of God and bearing God's grandchildren. (Doubtless, Robyn and Jeannine had, with the aid of "cult deprogramming," come to view Koresh's mother-daughter feat quite differently by the time they cooperated with the authorities, and one might legitimately question the objectivity of the information they supplied.) Jeannine left the group in September 1991.

Robyn's sister-in-law Deborah Sue Bunds was interviewed in January 1993. Her date of departure is unspecified and unnecessary to specify: she testified only that *four years earlier* she saw Koresh fire what she assumed was a machine gun and shortly thereafter overheard him discussing machine guns with associates. (If it was a machine gun at all, it obviously was not fabricated from the parts shipped four years later. Conceivably, she saw Koresh at play with a frivolous toy he possessed, a "hellfire" device. A spring attached to the trigger, the "hellfire," causes a gun to fire erratic three-round bursts automatically. Upon hearing of complaints from neighbors about his "hellfire," Koresh asked the McLennan County Sheriff's department to have a look at it, and he was assured the gadget was legal.)

Mrs. Poia Vaega, interviewed by telephone from her New Zealand home, resided at the compound for all of ten days back in March 1990.

Interviewed in January 1993, Marc Breault lived at the Center from early 1988 until September 1989. After breaking with the Davidians, he became a Koresh nemesis, a one-man whistle-blower prophesying doom for the sect to whoever would listen. Breault claims no knowledge of illegal weapons or explosives possessed by Koresh. Curiously omitted from Aguilera's account is the fact, widely reported elsewhere, that Breault is blind. (Yet, according to Aguilera, Breault "participated in firearm shooting exercises conducted by Howell"—which under the circumstances surely was illegal.)

If the eight-month-old information on parts shipments was vulnerable to legal challenge as stale, then the material from the "new" witnesses is even staler. All of the information in the warrant gathered from these five former Davidians is at least eight months old. Overwhelmingly, it is far older than that. Maybe a strong motion to suppress could have been filed. But more importantly, these five offered no evidence that Koresh was assembling or converting those parts listed by the ATF into machine guns or other illegal destructive devices, because they were long gone from the scene by the time these parts were acquired.

Later Information

This is not to say the ATF's resumed investigation added no evidence to the case for probable cause it had begun in June. On January 25, 1993, Aguilera interviewed ex-Davidian David Block. At least the dates of his brief residence at Mount Carmel (March-June 1992) match up with those of the parts acquisitions. While there, he saw a metal lathe and milling machine usually operated by Donald Bunds (Robyn's dad, Jeannine's ex), who, he said, had "the capability to fabricate firearms parts." Moreover, according to the affidavit:

> Mr. Block was present on several occasions when Howell would ask if anyone had any knowledge about making hand grenades or converting semi-automatic rifles to machineguns. At one point he also heard discussion about a shipment of inert hand grenades and Howell's intent to reactivate them.

With the exception of one ATF undercover agent, the Block interview is the last one recorded in the affidavit. Coming so

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No Longer Untouchable

by James L. Pate

In April, when Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms agents in charge come to Washington for an annual meeting, the nearby Baltimore field office organizes the Eliot Ness birthday party, honoring the ATF's most revered agent. The host agents dress as gangsters, donning double-breasted pinstripe suits and white fedoras. Vintage 1920s and 1930s automobiles are featured, and closed-circuit TVs play reruns of the 1950s series, "The Untouchables," starring Robert Stack as Ness.

This year's event, which drew more than 1,500 agents and guests to Baltimore's Timonium Fair Grounds, was "sort of quiet," said Joan Neels of Timonium's front office. No wonder. Six weeks before, ATF suffered its bloodiest day ever, and arguably the worst disaster in federal law enforcement history. Not since Ness had ATF been so much in the spotlight. Now the ATF is at an unprecedented low point. Ninth-grade dropout David Koresh and his well-armed followers reached out and irrevocably touched "The Untouchables."

During Prohibition, Ness and his T-Men were transferred from the Department of Treasury to the Department of Justice. But as the FBI was created, the agency was sent back to Treasury as a division of the Internal Revenue Service. After Prohibition repeal, IRS gave it the statutory leftovers of tax collection: obscure excise taxes, forfeitures, and protection of its old nemesis, the now-legal alcohol industry, including suppression of unlicensed competition.

Drastic changes came with passage of the Gun Control Act in 1968, and the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970. The agency's primary focus switched back to law enforcement, and its jurisdiction grew exponentially. Crime and gun control became hot political issues and ATF's enforcement responsibilities became high-profile. In 1972 ATF was removed from the IRS and elevated to bureau status—but oversight responsibilities remain with congressional tax and regulatory committees, not those with law enforcement jurisdiction.

Unfortunately, while ATF's law enforcement *duties* had changed, its *practices* had not. Its leadership—mainly tax regulators with little or no law enforcement experience, returned to the swashbuckling, door-smashing days of the 1930s. Instead of the more sophisticated, low-key approach to criminals adopted by the modern FBI, ATF policy-makers saw SWAT teams—and the newer Entry Control Teams used in Waco—as tactics of first resort.

"Once an agency has such components as ECTs and sniper teams, it will look for opportunities to use them, whether needed or not, to justify the budget increases these teams require," said a former senior ATF official who asked not to be named because he is frequently involved with litigation against ATF. "The unanswered question here is whether there is legitimate justification for the creation of such exotic units, especially when they become a tactic of choice."

Like the old philosopher said, if the only tool you keep in your box is a hammer, all your problems start to look like nails.

"Bureaucratic regulators have no ability to exercise any control over even routine tactical operations," the former ATF official said. "Given the choice of a peaceable interview and kicking in a door just for the pure entertainment, ATF special agents instinctively reach for the battering ram. This is a situation inviting trouble, and troubles began to appear."

A few examples:

• *June 1971*: Plainclothes ATF agents in ski masks burst into the home of Ken Ballew, an Air Force vet and newspaper pressman living in a high-crime neighborhood in Silver Spring, Maryland. Ballew, unaware of what was happening, grabbed an antique pistol to defend himself. He was shot in the head and paralyzed. Nothing illegal was found and ATF refused to pay damages.

• *June 1978*: Hundreds of lawful gun owners and dealers at a gun show in San Jose were detained for two hours by twenty ATF agents, who photographed them and forced them to sign a "warning." As a result, ATF agents were forbidden for years from attending such shows.

• *February 1982*: A Senate subcommittee published a report documenting ATF abuses, chiding the agency for violating federal law against "secret lawmaking" by repeatedly not publishing new regulatory interpretations in the Federal register. "ATF's claims, both of focus upon gun-using criminals and of recent reforms, are empty words," the report said.

• *April 1991*: The home of Del Knudson was raided by a 23-man team outside Colville, Washington. His wife was held in a room while her frantic 6-year-old daughter cried for her mother in another room and a 1-year-old daughter was left in a bathtub. An elderly neighbor who offered to watch the children was handcuffed. Some misidentified gun parts were confiscated—all legal. No charges were filed.

• *December 1991*: Agents raided John Lawmaster's home in Tulsa, with two television crews in tow. Agents knocked down the front and back doors, broke furniture, pulled down a ceiling, dumped out drawers and closets, broke into locked filing cabinets and left guns and ammunition strewn about the unsecured house. Nothing illegal was found. The ATF refuses to pay damages.

"This bullying has created a dangerous mindset—that the subject will always be intimidated by the sight of a federal badge," the former ATF official said. "If one spoils for a fight, it will soon find him. The Waco gunfight comes as no surprise. The only surprise is that it took so long."

Indeed. The "dangerous mindset" proved fatal in Waco. The tragedy of the initial raid was multiplied by the final inferno of April 19. That was the day that Eliot Ness—the "Untouchable" who resisted temptation only to die an impoverished alcoholic—would have had his 90th birthday. ❐

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late in the investigation, Block's story may strike some ears as a little too pat, but it does constitute evidence relevant to the investigative spadework done seven months before on parts and materials shipments. (Still, it raises questions about the claims of other former cult members that they saw Koresh firing machine guns years previously. If he was observed firing machine guns in February 1989 and talking about adding to his collection, why would he ask advice on how to convert semi-automatics three years later?)

Block also recounts observing Donald Bunds designing a "grease gun/sten gun"—a World War II–vintage British machine gun—on an Auto Cad computer on the premises. Whether a computer design constitutes probable cause for a weapons search is open to question, but there is no question that Aguilera had serious doubts about the reliability of Block's weapons knowledge, noting that he mistook a British Boys .52 anti-tank rifle for a .50 caliber rifle.

The dates in the affidavit don't match, and so far as the original weapons charges are concerned, the two halves of the investigation don't mesh. Indeed, they only touch, a little suspiciously, at one point in David Block's testimony. And if the purpose of phase two was to build on the probable cause foundation so meticulously laid in phase one, it can hardly be counted a success. But maybe that was not its primary purpose.

Texas Rangers recovered about 200 guns from the crime scene, roughly two per resident. Statewide in Texas, 17 million people own 60 million guns, or about four per resident.

The Second Phase

Phase two of the investigation is of a very different nature than phase one. It is diffuse, undisciplined, deceptive, urgent, ominous, and concerned with alleged deviations from moral norms that fall far beyond the jurisdiction of the ATF.

Starting in December, the ATF begins to caricature David Koresh as the Antichrist. Phase two renders, or constructs, the portrait of a militarized, polymorphously criminal Caliban on a hair-trigger ruling over a squad of zombiefied zealots blankly awaiting zero-hour for the damned, a bomb ticking out the days on a piece of East Texas scrubland before blasting through the cosmos into eternity on a signal from Koresh.

Confronted with this scary composite, one can easily see why U.S. Magistrate Judge Dennis G. Green hastily approved search and arrest warrants on Koresh, without pausing long over the particulars of the bloated Aguilera affidavit. This composite might even have caused Green to swallow any doubts he might have harbored about the scale of the impending ATF raid—assuming, that is, that the ATF had clued him in. But, scary though the composite seems, many particulars turn out, on inspection, to be less so. Space permits a look at only some of them.

Robyn Bunds, according to Aguilera, said that "residents were subjected to watching extremely violent movies of the Vietnam war which Howell would refer to as training films." Omitted are the names of these movies. It turns out they were Oliver Stone's Oscar-winning *Platoon*, Stanley Kubrick's anti-war satire *Full-Metal Jacket*, and *Hamburger Hill*, a critically admired Hollywood failure that was not transparently hostile to the U.S. role there. Robyn also told Aguilera that Koresh even kept a gun "under his bed while sleeping."

Aguilera's records search revealed that "most" of the forty or so foreign nationals who at some point gave the Mount Carmel Center as their local point of contact "have over stayed [sic] their entry permits or visas and are therefore illegally in the United States." Is the ATF in the business of policing our borders?

David Block stated "that he observed at the compound published magazines such as, the *Shotgun News* and other related clandestine magazines." But *Shotgun News* is hardly clandestine: page 22 of the June issue of *American Rifleman*, the NRA's flagship publication, displays a column-length advertisement for the magazine, which, incidentally, accepts MasterCard and Visa! The other related "clandestine" magazines are left unidentified.

Koresh told Marc Breault, writes Aguilera, "that he was interested in acquiring the 'Anarchist's Cook Book', which I know is a publication outlining clandestine operations to include instructions and formulas for manufacturing improvised explosive devices." And Block, two-and-a-half years later, during his stint at the compound, "heard extensive talk of the existence of the 'Anarchist Cook Book.' " However nefarious the book may sound, there remains no allegation that Koresh ever had a copy in his possession.

Child Abuse

One of the December interviews is with Joyce Sparks, the Texas Child Protective Services (CPS) investigator we met earlier. CPS was looking into complaints that Koresh was "running a commune-type compound, and that he was sexually abusing young girls," Aguilera notes portentously. With the magistrate in mind, he deftly waves his red cape. On Sparks's first visit, Mrs. Koresh would not speak with her, because "she had strict orders not to talk with anyone" unless Koresh was present. On her second visit, Sparks saw a buried school bus with the seats removed, and "at one end of the bus she could see a very large refrigerator with numerous bullet holes." She "felt the entire walk through the compound was staged for her by Koresh." And yet she cites not a single instance of sexual abuse. This vignette is the closest we get to child abuse: "She talked to a boy about seven or eight years old. The child said that he could not wait to grow up and be a man. When Ms. Sparks asked him why he was in such a hurry to grow up, he replied that when he grew up he would get a 'long gun' just like all the other men there." That's child abuse?

And what conceivable jurisdiction could the ATF have

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over child abuse? According to DeGuerin, "It was thrown in there simply to stink up the case."

Worse, Aguilera suppresses the fact that this child abuse investigation was closed on April 30, 1992, having failed to produce any evidence. "None of the allegations could be verified," according to an April 23, 1993 case summary released by the Texas Department of Protective and Regulatory Services. It reported, moreover, that no further allegations of child abuse had been received since the investigation closed, and that even interviews with children released from the compound during the 51-day siege "have not confirmed any of the allegations or described any other incidents which could verify our concerns that they have been victims of physical or sexual abuse."

The government cannot be expected, of course, to give both sides of the story in an *ex parte* search warrant. But a bad-faith omission of this kind falls in another category. DeGuerin implied that, had Koresh lived, he would have petitioned to have the warrant nullified on grounds first established by the 1978 Supreme Court case *Franks* v. *Delaware*—which held that if an agent knowingly falsifies or misleads the magistrate in the issuing of the search warrant then the search warrant is invalid. "If he says they've been investigated for child abuse," says DeGuerin, "and yet the outcome of that investigation was they were cleared of it, then that's misleading."

How much of what we think we know about Koresh and child abuse and sexual contact with minors is true? How much of what can be verified is actually against the law? How much of it is the product of sensationalized reporting, ignorance of Texas law, and panicky, irresponsible exercises in official self-justification, like Attorney General Janet Reno's wild claim (later repudiated by the FBI) that she ordered the FBI to smash and gas because "babies were being beaten" inside?

Remember Sparks's little fiction about her encounter with Koresh in the compound when he promised to make the L.A. riots look like a tea party? When I first asked her about it she confirmed it. "That's a fact," she said. I asked if she was sure of the April 6 date. She hedged, but repeated that it took place in the compound. "I don't remember the date. To be truthful I haven't really looked at that, that's been over a year and a half ago, so I'm not, I couldn't just get the dates for you, um, but on one of my visits, yes, he did say that," she said. Told the exchange could not possibly have happened on one of her visits to the compound (her *final* visit was April 6, the riots were on April 29, the case was closed April 30) she responded, "We made several visits, and I continued to have conversations with him even after the case was closed." She maintained telephone contact with Koresh, because she was convinced, despite all the denials, that "the children were in danger." She "objected," she says, to her agency's decision to close the case. "The [McLennan County] Sheriff's Department sabotaged our intervention," she claims. "We were ordered to close the case."

Is it possible this family crisis intervention specialist's definition of "child abuse" is somewhat broader than that of her colleagues, than that of the McLennan County sheriffs, than the norm in the rural East Texas community where she works? Pressed to specify what kind of danger the children were in, Sparks answered, "There were indications that food was being withheld as punishment." As in being sent to bed without dinner? Is that an uncommon practice in McLennan County?

Her other example has been widely repeated. "There were indications that babies were being beaten." There is ample evidence that Koresh was a stern, even severe, disciplinarian. He believed in spanking children. He sometimes used a wooden spoon. But in my scouring of the record—the ATF warrant, two quickie books on Koresh, voluminous case files and press reports—I have found just one specific and detailed allegation that Koresh beat a baby. In an affidavit filed in a Michigan trial over custody of Kiri Jewell (a child who lived with her mother at the compound), ex-Davidian Michelle Tom alleged that Koresh had beaten her eight-month-old child Tara's bottom until it bled. Perhaps we will never learn if these practices were isolated or routine. What we know is that a few defected and deprogrammed Davidians alleged child abuse, and many more loyalists, while they lived, denied it.

We know that Koresh had an unchecked libido, a filthy vernacular that he failed to clean up in the presence of children, that he had a harem of women of varying ages, and that, dating from his announcement of his "New Light Doctrine," he insisted on male celibacy in the compound, excepting only himself. We also know that his sexual relations with his female followers were consensual. I have never heard an allegation to the contrary. And they were linked explicitly, in somewhat Victorian fashion, to procreation.

A *Newsweek* account gives a sense:

> To many girls being chosen by Koresh was an honor they eagerly sought. Koresh "wouldn't do it unless you wanted it," says Jeannine Bunds, 51. . . . "It wasn't about sex, but he was a very appealing, sexual person. . . . He didn't say, 'Ooh, you've

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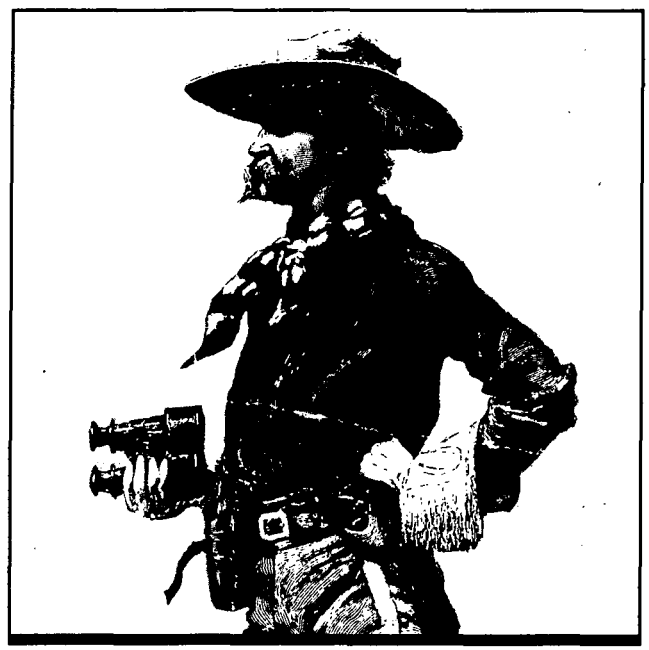
got sexy boobs.'" He just loved the idea of womanhood . . . and he made you feel special. . . . A union with Koresh was spiritual, says Robyn Bunds, who met with Koresh when she was 14 and slept with him when she was 17 . . . "He's perfect, and he's going to father your children. What more can you ask for?"

Of course, there is a powerful social consensus that minors do not have the emotional maturity to responsibly consent to sex, and thus we have statutory rape laws. Not all support this consensus. First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton, for example, wrote some years ago, "The so-called status offenses, incorrigibility, truancy, running away, sexual precociousness, represent a confused mixture of social control and preventive care that has resulted in the confinement of thousands of children for the crime of having trouble growing up."

In a society afflicted with an epidemic of "children having children," it is clear that statutory rape laws are often unenforced, though in many of these cases the children are abandoned by "deadbeat dads." While Koresh did provide for the children of his "wives," he would have been liable to prosecution on sexual assault charges, second-degree felonies. While the age of sexual consent is just 14 under the Texas penal code's Indecency with a Child Statute, it is 17 under section 22.011, Sexual Assault.



There is an ironic socio-legal aspect here that has escaped general notice. Under that Texas law, Koresh would have been off the hook if his teenaged partners had been promiscuous before having sex with him. Obviously, in many areas of the country, teenage sexual promiscuity is rampant, and in some jurisdictions is tacitly condoned by the distribution of condoms in high schools. But it is highly unlikely that any of Koresh's teenage partners met this legal standard of promiscuity, because in his capacity as sexual lawgiver at the compound he rigidly policed the girls' sexuality, restricting them to the procreative sex they had with him. Thus, though some will see him as nothing but a wanton sexual predator, he in fact faced an unusually large area of legal vulnerability because he was a *repressive* regulator of sexual mores within his isolated realm.

Whether deterred by the daunting prospect of prosecuting these unusual sexual offenses, or by the thought that state intervention and dissolution of the Davidian families might be more damaging even than the status quo, the local law enforcement authorities with jurisdiction never stepped in to force this community to conform en masse to the norms of the world from which it had voluntarily withdrawn. Certainly, the ATF raiding party and the FBI gas attack placed the Davidian children in far greater and more immediate danger than any they had previously faced.

Why? Why does the ATF leave the evidence of illegal machine gun conversions and grenade manufacture dangling somewhere below the level of probable cause? And stuff its warrant instead with a circuit-jamming array of extraneous, manipulative, luridly alarmist material bearing on subjects that fall well beyond the scope of the ATF's ostensible investigation and its jurisdiction?

"The information about the child abuse establishes information concerning the level of threat to life and safety which exists within the compound," says ATF spokesman Jack Killorin. "The warrant is for an imminent threat to the life and safety of everybody in that compound. The warrant is for the illicit manufacture of explosives and explosive devices which right away is an immediate threat to the life and safety of every person in there."

An *immediate threat to the life and safety of every person in there*? A boy who wants to grow up so he can carry a gun? The viewing of *Platoon*? The leader's polygamy? Lapsed visas? On close inspection, as we have seen, this material hardly establishes *an immediate threat to the life and safety of every person in there.*

But quickly digested and taken at face value, this information would likely be interpreted as Killorin suggests it should, as justifying a massive raid on a split-second timetable that indiscriminately placed in danger every person in the compound, from the suspected wrongdoer to blameless infants and elderly and everyone in between. A matter-of-fact case of suspected violations of the National Firearms Act, on the other hand, would hardly have provided a reasonable basis for such extraordinary enforcement measures.

A Raid, Regardless

By February 23-25, when Aguilera was drafting his affidavit, ATF Special Response Teams from three cities were already at Fort Hood, drilling for the imminent raid, and planning had been underway for months. With the plan locked in, the affidavit would have to do more than document probable cause to believe Koresh had violated the NFA—it would have to leave a record justifying a military-style assault.

But why would ATF have decided on a high-risk military-style raid when they might have picked Koresh up on one of his regular jogs? Or, alternatively, when he was out shopping, as he often was, with his legal wife Rachel and their kids in local music stores and auto parts shops? Or when he was at one of the many gun shows he regularly attended?

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Because the visuals wouldn't have been sexy. The ATF invited television news crews along on this raid. Indeed, it was local television cameraman John McLemore who, according to Harwell, inadvertently tipped off a Koresh follower he encountered on the road of the raid scheduled to commence later the same morning.

This looks like a "rice bowl raid," undertaken to boost the agency's standing among the Washington bureaucrats and legislators who fund it. It was appropriations season in Washington. The bureau's annual appropriations hearing was scheduled for March 10, 1993. Videotape of the bureau's precision raid on an armed and dangerous cult leader would have been fresh in the minds of congressional appropriators. In normal times, it would likely have served as a powerful symbol of ATF enforcement prowess for years to come, much as the bureau's tracing of the gun John Hinckley used has served for years as a powerful symbol of its investigative prowess.

But these were not normal times for the agency. Its public image and morale had been devastated by a January 12 exposé on "60 Minutes." The segment broadcast graphic allegations by female ATF agents that they had been sexually harassed on the job by male colleagues and that the agency intimidated and punished victims and witnesses who had pressed sexual harassment claims. One agent, Michelle Roberts, charged that agents had left dildos and other sexual devices on her desk. She also charged that after an undercover assignment, one agent had pinned her against the hood of a car while two others tore at her clothes. While the segment didn't air until January 12, by which time planning was underway for the raid on Mount Carmel, it had been in production for some time. And "60 Minutes" had first contacted ATF personnel around mid-November 1992, according to Bob Anderson, who produced the segment for CBS. In other words, the character of the ATF's Koresh investigation changed radically in the weeks just after bureau officials would have learned that "60 Minutes" had them in its sights.

For the first time in twelve years a liberal would be in the White House, and with Congress still in Democratic hands, Washington was on the threshold of a new era of liberal activism. What a first impression the ATF would make on its new bosses! Sexual harassment! Could there be a better way of washing away this taint of troglodyte sexism than mounting an operation against the self-proclaimed prophet they had under investigation down in Waco, this white, male, sexually predatory, patriarchal, tax-resisting, gun-loving religious nut with a fierce will not to be governed by secular authorities?

Self-Defense?

Whether the ATF succeeded in establishing probable cause or not, they had legal search and arrest warrants, signed by a magistrate. If, as the government contends, Koresh, after detecting the impending raid on the morning of the 28th, prepared his followers for armed resistance and sent them to their battle stations to repulse a legally authorized raid, then he and those who followed his commands are responsible for the deaths of four federal agents. They are murderers.

Unless the government fired first. There is no law anywhere that requires someone to offer himself as target practice, to federal agents or anyone else.

The outlines of the government's case have already been sketched in ATF affidavits filed after the initial shootout in support of charges against released cult members for conspiring to murder federal officers. Early on the morning of the 28th, David Jones, a Koresh follower and Mount Carmel resident, went out for a newspaper. On his return, he saw a driver who appeared to be lost, and stopped to offer help. Jones, it happened, was a postman, who made his rounds in his own car, which bore the postal service logo. The driver asked Jones whether he was a postal employee, and Jones assured him—twice—that he was. John McLemore, a cameraman with Waco's KWTX-TV, identified himself to Jones and warned him that agents would soon be on their way out there, prepared for a shootout. Jones hot-footed it back to Koresh.

Mama Bunds, like her daughter, had slept with Koresh, each in the conviction, shared by all the other women in the House of David, that they were receiving the seed of the Lamb of God and bearing God's grandchildren.

Inside, Koresh was providing a biblical exegesis for Robert Rodriguez, an ATF undercover agent who had infiltrated the cult in early January, posing as a neighboring graduate student. (Rodriguez gathered little evidence to bolster the government's case against Koresh. In the one interview he has given, he described poignantly how a steady diet of Koresh's biblical teachings had almost hooked him. Asked by *Dallas Morning News* writer Lee Hancock if Koresh ever got to him, he answered in a cracking voice, "He was close.") The Davidians had long since divined his true identity. How to warn Koresh without tipping off the undercover agent that surprise had been lost?

A ruse was devised. One version has David Jones interrupting Koresh to ask him to step into another room to take a long distance call from England. Another has a Davidian calling a relative instructing that relative to immediately call back and ask for Koresh.

In ATF agent Earl Dunagan's account in his affidavit, the details are left vague, but the meaning is clear:

> Early in the morning of Sunday, February 28, 1993, the undercover agent entered the Mount Carmel Compound and met with Vernon Howell, Steve Schneider, and other residents of the compound. Vernon Howell was then summoned from the room by a fellow resident of the compound, Perry Jones, leaving the agent in the foyer area. At about the same time, David Michael Jones, an associate of Vernon Howell,

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had arrived at the compound after learning that the compound might be raided that day. A short time later, Howell returned to the room where the agent waited, and exclaimed that the ATF and the National Guard were coming to get him. Howell continued, saying, "Neither ATF or [sic] the National Guard will ever get me. They got me once, and they will never get me again. They are coming; the time has come."

Shortly thereafter, the undercover agent left the compound.

The government will use Koresh's chilling final words to the plant in support of its argument that Koresh methodically ordered his people to grab their guns and man their battle stations to repulse the expected raid. But is the Rodriguez account precise? At the moment of the alleged words, a panicked Rodriguez feared for his life. "They opened the door for me to get out, and I said to myself, 'They were going to shoot me in the back,' " he told the Dallas paper.

Perhaps Rodriguez quoted Koresh accurately. If so, Koresh's words are strange indeed. Taken literally, they make no sense. Koresh never had been taken by either the ATF or the National Guard. Any Davidians present would surely have known this. Perhaps he intended those words as a warning for Rodriguez to relay to his superiors. It is strange that Koresh, allegedly readying himself for his long-sought showdown with the law, let an ATF agent go, rather than shooting him or keeping him hostage. Koresh learned they were coming and let an agent go unharmed. The ATF learned that they'd been snitched on and had lost the element of surprise—and proceeded.

There is another version of how the shooting started. Dick DeGuerin relates what his client said when he visited with him inside the compound during the long stand-off with the FBI:

> He knew they were coming, and he was watching for them and saw these two cattle trailers roar up, and people start streaming out of the back of them, screaming at the tops of their lungs, not anything like, "This is a search" or "We're agents" or "Put up your hands"or anything like that. It was just screaming, yelling, like Marines storming the beach.
>
> He stepped out the door, held up his right hand and said, "Wait, go back, there are women and children in here. Let's talk about this."
>
> And he was met with, first, one shot that barely missed his head, hit the door right by his head, and then a barrage of shots, and he ducked back inside. . . . They didn't get him. They did kill Perry Jones with that first barrage. . . . After that, those on the inside ran to their rooms, got their guns and started firing back.

Of course, DeGuerin was not there at the time. This is his recollection of what Koresh told him after he would have had time to concoct at his leisure a version of events that indicated legitimate self-defense.

Since DeGuerin offered this unsubstantiated account, the 911 tapes have been released. Twice while under ATF fire, the compound placed emergency calls to the McLennan County Sheriff's 911 switchboard. In the first call, Wayne Martin, a top Koresh lieutenant and also a Waco attorney well known and liked in the local legal community, pleads with Sheriff's Lieutenant Larry Lynch:

> LYNCH: Mount Carmel?
> MARTIN: Yeah. Tell them there are children and women in here and to call it off.
> LYNCH: All right. All right. Hello? I hear gunfire. Oh, [expletive deleted].
> MARTIN: Call it off.

Koresh himself places a second 911 call. After making grimly ironic note of the lieutenant's name ("Hey, Lynch? . . . That's a kind of funny name there."), Koresh, in real time now, in the fog of battle, laments the government's failure to talk before shooting:

> KORESH: You see, you brought your bunch of guys out here and you killed some of my children. We told you we wanted to talk. No. How come you guys try to be ATF agents? How come you try to be so big all the time?
> LYNCH: Okay, David.
> KORESH: Now, there's a bunch of us dead, and a bunch of you guys dead. Now—now, that's your fault.
> LYNCH: Okay, let's—let's try to resolve this now. Tell me this. Now, you have casualties. How many casualties? Do you want to try to work something out? ATF is pulling back, we're trying to—
> KORESH: Why didn't you do that first?

In a third and final call, placed by Lynch, Martin repeatedly pleads for a cease-fire, offers to arrange one, and claims at one point that the people inside had ceased their fire, but that incoming fire had continued unabated. "I have a right to defend myself," he says at one point. "They started firing first."

But a half-hour elapsed between the first call and the first radio contact between the Sheriff's office and the ATF at the site. An hour passed before Lynch could reach the ATF on a secure line. Sheriff Jack Harwell, the chief law enforcement officer in the jurisdiction, had been largely left out of the loop by the ATF throughout the investigation and the raid. Might the outcome have been different if his and his department's accumulated insight into the ATF's prey been adequately tapped? If their record of successful, direct interaction with Koresh and his flock had been studied as a model? Maybe, maybe not. With federal agents and Davidians alike dropping dead in the furious crossfire a few miles out of town, the local sheriff's department couldn't get a federal agent on the phone. But the cameras were there to capture footage of a hundred black flak jackets and blue ATF windbreakers swarming into Caliban's kingdom. ❐

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What Health-Care Crisis?

Doctors, Patients, and Fred Barnes

Though I pretty much agree with the specifics of Fred Barnes's article ("What Health-Care Crisis?" *TAS*, May 1993), including the expectation that whatever changes (reforms) are brought about by the Clintons will probably make things worse, his conclusion that there is no crisis in American health care is flat-out wrong. There is one involving money and what it is buying us as a nation.

For more than twenty years, the cost of health care, with occasional dips, has far exceeded the rate of inflation, and will continue to do so as far as the eye can see. Thus, more and more of the nation's resources are devoted each year to health care with no end in sight. This seemingly uncontrollable escalation is bad enough in itself, but even worse when we look at what we are getting for our money.

Until recently, the great triumph of public health and medicine was the preservation of life and health—primarily in the very young, to a lesser extent in adults—so that they could live out their lives normally. This represented a blessing for the afflicted, and, to use an abused word, an investment for society.

Now, however, the bulk of health-care funds is increasingly being spent on treatment of patients in the last year of their lives, e.g., the elderly dying of strokes, cancer, heart failure, and other degenerative diseases of old age. For these patients, there will neither be recovery nor a return to normal life even though the costs of their treatment keep mounting.

Of course, such an outcome is inevitable in a system where the supply of health-care services is expected to meet all demands for them, and payment is the responsibility of insurers and the government, of anybody other than the recipient of the treatment.

But that is not the whole story. It is one thing to pride ourselves upon drastically reducing the level of pain, illness, and premature death among people, another to pursue deathlessness, forgetting—even as death stares us in the face—that there is, as the Preacher said, a time to die.

Yes, Fred, there is a health-care crisis. It just has nothing to do with access and quality.

—Stanley Budner
New York, New York

. . . . Mr. Barnes, your glittering generalities discredit you. Those Socialized Medicine countries you attack (Canada, Great Britain, Germany, and Japan), as imperfect as they are, possess a better attitude toward patients than the average U.S. physician. Too many U.S. M.D.'s are obsessed with getting large fees from patients, getting rich big, and retiring at 40. . . .

—Mark McLaughlin
Ocean City, New Jersey

What a wonderful article about health care Mr. Barnes wrote! God willing, someone will read it before the health-care system is faxed to hell in a hand-basket. . . . As a primary-care doctor who still takes some Medicaid patients, I can tell you reasons why many doctors will turn them away—payment averaging less than ten cents on the dollar, tedious paperwork, a labyrinthine bureaucracy, and one of the worst claims-processing systems I have ever suffered through. The only one that's worse for filing claims is Medicare, with its threats of hideous retribution for making the error of assuming that the fee schedule means what it says, and that the physician can charge more for a complex case. (I got a letter from Medicare stating that a family doctor should not bill for anything of more than intermediate complexity! So much for encouraging people to care for the elderly.) I understand Ross Perot is responsible for the computer software that runs Medicare and Medicaid, and that was sufficient reason to vote against him in 1992. . . .

There is waste in American medicine, and a lot of it occurs because the technology is available and it's fun to use it. The only difference between men and boys is the price of their toys. . . . A lawyer called me once, and was highly indignant that I would not order an MRI scan on a client who had suffered an injury to the scalp when the handles of a weight machine came off and struck his head *three years previously*. The client had a thin scar on the forehead and no neurological symptoms except a desire to sue the owner of the gym where the accident happened; the lawyer insisted that since "the insurance will pay for it" and his client had been insured for nearly a week, I should order the test. I have not heard from the patient or his lawyer since. . . .

The sad fact is that we won't be able to make everyone healthy at the lowest possible cost unless we can reform society into a peaceful collection of wine-sipping, non-smoking joggers who fervently believe in childhood immunizations, wearing seat belts, monogamy, and vegetarianism. Our president gets all bent out of shape at the low rate of immunizations—for pity's sake, the shots are available free at the county health departments. All you have to do is show up with child in tow. . . . Some parents just don't bother to take their children for immunizations, even when the health department sends a van to their neighborhood with workers who pile out and beg the people in the apartment complex to send out the kids for their shots. . . .

Practicing medicine can be a hell of a lot of fun when a doctor has something effective to offer her patients, and I'd like the chance to enjoy the practice of medicine rather than working my way through

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the ditches of administration, regulation, and waste. The neat thing about advances in medicine is that eventually things get cheaper—polio vaccines instead of iron lungs, acid-blocking medications instead of stomach removal. . . . Eventually everyone dies, but at least a doctor can try to help it be later and less uncomfortable than it might have been. . . .

Bless you for your article, which was a breath of fresh air. . . .

—Susan K. Reynolds, M.D.
St. Louis, Missouri

I read with bemusement Fred Barnes's "What Health-Care Crisis?" Barnes makes some good points—and arrives at the wrong conclusion. Barnes accurately notes that crime, poverty, drug abuse, and a host of other nightmares contribute to our unique health-care problems. We cannot blithely dismiss these expensive problems as non–health care issues. In addition, our society's addiction to the latest technology, and our incessant need for immediate action have certainly contributed to the high cost of health care.

Yes, uninsured people do get health care through emergency rooms. But it is naive to believe this amounts to "universal access." For every person seen in the emergency room, there are countless others who do not see physicians for chronic conditions because they have no insurance and not enough money to pay. Believe it or not, there are still very responsible people in our society who refuse to receive services they cannot pay for. They rely on our health-care system only for life-threatening conditions.

These patients receive treatment with few questions asked. But how long can this system go on unchecked? Care cannot be given away free forever. Tom Brokaw recently profiled the Temple University Hospital emergency room. As he reported, many inner-city emergency rooms are going out of business because they are losing millions of dollars in uncompensated care. The *Denver Post* notes that a third of every dollar spent on hospital care goes to subsidize Medicare/Medicaid and managed-care insurance contract discounts.

The cost-shifting of the current system is ill-conceived, politically motivated, and downright dangerous. We have devised an inverted pyramid of payment, with an increasing number of patients at the top feeding while decreasing numbers at the bottom pay. Does Barnes believe hospitals can indefinitely provide $10 billion in uncompensated care *in addition to* these subsidies? And what of the uncompensated care physicians provide in the office? Costs are costs and must be passed on to the paying public. How long can taxpayers foot the bill for patients like the AIDS patient Barnes discusses who "sometimes . . . had so much medicine we had to throw it away"?

A few more of Barnes's points:

• *"The uninsured get health care, only less of it than the insured."* The problem is that when they do get care it is very expensive. Lack of primary, preventive care for chronic conditions results in patients being admitted to intensive (expensive) care units with life-threatening asthma attacks, heart attacks, drug overdoses, and a host of other conditions. Yes, it is high-quality health care. But that's the point: untreated chronic problems can become acute problems, and very expensive ones.

• *"The uninsured tend to be young, thus healthy."* The corollary is that older citizens who have insurance are increasingly subsidizing the care of these "young and uninsured" patients as well as all the cost-shifting between Medicare, Medicaid, and managed-care discounts.

• *"The elderly, who require more medical care, are covered. Ninety-nine percent are eligible for Medicare."* That's circular reasoning in the best political fashion, since even the government's own experts now concede Medicare doesn't cover the costs of care. We have come right back to the crux of the problem: everyone gets care, but no one wants to pay for it.

Barnes seems to be one of those conservatives who wants to pretend everything is basically fine; just a little "tinkering" will do. But surely he realizes that eventually the bills have to be paid. Our current system of health-care financing is nothing more than a microcosm of the federal deficit's inevitable outcome: bankruptcy of a system that wants a Mercedes while paying for a Geo.

HMOs and "managed care" have done little to lower health care costs while putting patients on an assembly line. (The Japanese have nothing on us in this area, Barnes.) It was Republican appointees to the Health Care Financing Administration (HCFA) and Health and Human Services who gave us the incredibly complex and very expensive rules and regulations of Medicare, Medicaid, OSHA, and CLIA (Clinical Laboratories Improvement Act), which have made physicians' lives a living hell. It has been Republican administrations that have driven up health costs through ridiculous Federal Trade Commission regulations that spawn three hospitals in one city to duplicate services. It has been bipartisan pandering to senior citizens that has allowed Medicare to become the most massive entitlement program in this nation's history.

No crisis? What do you call polls that indicate 40 to 50 percent of physicians would not enter medicine if they had it to do over? What do I say to patients *with insurance* who refuse appropriate medical tests and treatments for fear their insurance will be canceled if they submit claims? What do you call a system that allows companies to become self-insured and then limit maximum benefits to $5,000 for chronic medical conditions? What do you call a system in which it

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took me a week to find a nursing home willing to accept a dying diabetic patient because reimbursement from Medicaid would not cover the costs of her care in her terminal state?

To return to Barnes's argument:

• *"American physicians, with a universe of modern technology at their fingertips, are the envy of the world's physicians."* What a typical conservative, Republican, arrogant American attitude. It applies to any citizen of the world regarding any commodity we Americans have available. We waste health care resources in this country like we waste everything else. And it is not something of which we should necessarily be proud.

• *"While primary and preventive care are important, the best measure of a health-care system is how well it treats the seriously ill."* Just a bit too facile. (Barnes cites, of all things, an "enlarged prostate" as an example of serious illness. An enlarged prostate is hardly a serious illness—at least anywhere in the world except in the minds of the lay American public.)

How we treat serious illness is indeed one measurement of a health-care system. But that is one of our problems: we as Americans think everything is "serious" and have failed to differentiate serious conditions from benign nuisances. We pay oncologists to keep giving cancer victims expensive and worthless treatments but we don't pay primary-care doctors to sit down with the patient and family to discuss appropriate alternatives. In fact, we *aren't* dealing effectively with serious illness in this country—largely because we have perverted the meaning of the word.

No amount of hue and cry from conservatives can alter the fact that the current system cannot be maintained. I therefore offer the following suggestions:

1. Develop a single-payer system. The current hodgepodge of 1,500 different payers, each with its own rules, regulations, limitations, fee schedules, and exclusionary clauses for preexisting illness, and the inability of citizens to keep insurance if they change jobs adds billions to our health care bills. Get the federal government out of the payer status. This means folding Medicare and Medicaid into the single system. Get the premiums for every single citizen to a manageable level. Develop guidelines for basic services coupled with expanded medical research on clinical-outcomes data so we physicians know what does and does not work. Let physicians enforce and limit treatment according to scientific studies, unencumbered by patient demands and threats of malpractice.

Get non-medical payers of health care out of the system. If patients deserve compensation for time lost, that's one thing. But to have reams of paper consumed by lawyers, insurance companies, and health care providers to spend months wrangling over what was a direct result of the accident or injury and what was "pre-existing" is wasteful—and very expensive.

Make sure that every citizen has a deductible as part of the package. Users of the system need to have some direct responsibility or we will create a system where everyone satiates himself on health care without ever having to accept any personal responsibility.

2. Develop significant tort reform. Protect patients, but stop pandering to America's trial lawyers. Put all medical malpractice claims under binding arbitration of panels of physicians, health care lawyers, and responsible, knowledgeable public watchdogs. Limit awards to actual damages.

3. Build health care on primary care. General internal medicine, family practice, and pediatrics are the cornerstones of this reform. Start paying primary care physicians based on time spent with the patient. This will get patients off the assembly line. Why perform an MRI scan for headaches that began when the spouse walked out of the house if a physical shows no evidence of a tumor? A hundred and fifty dollars to a physician for a forty-five-minute visit is cheaper than a five-minute visit and a $1,500 MRI scan.

Pay us for our time and watch how we respond. And if certain doctors cannot rise to the occasion by taking primary care responsibilities in return for top-notch reimbursement incentives, get them out of medicine.

4. Control compensation of medical personnel. There is simply no justification for the discrepancies in payments to physicians under our current system. Surgical and medical specialists who provide "procedures" are paid exorbitant amounts of money on a per-hour basis. Primary-care practitioners suffer, when virtually everyone agrees that the U.S. must increase its number of primary-care physicians. Extra years of residency should provide for only a small differential in payment. Let the desire and challenge of becoming a neurosurgeon—or an endoscopist, or whatever—be the primary motive for that training.

Now for one of the most jealously guarded secrets of health care: many insurance executives and hospital administrators are paid inflated salaries, while primary-care physicians continue to lose out. Yes, we need these people. But we don't need them leeching off the system when they have a fraction of the formal education, training, continuing education requirements and responsibilities that physicians shoulder.

This is certainly not an exhaustive proposal. I have not touched on medical education payment, issues surrounding long-term care, physician-credentialing and continuing education requirements, and other significant elements of health care. Nevertheless, streamlining the paper chase, freeing up funds for patient care, and building our health care upon a personal, primary physician are the only hope for saving our current system from collapse.

Mr. Barnes, I think you need some hands-on education about medicine, public health, and the current system of financing health care in this country. (You may come spend a week with me in my office anytime you choose.)

—Walter R. Hunter, M.D.
Denver, Colorado

Fred Barnes replies:
Being called arrogant by Dr. Hunter is like being called chronically late by President Clinton. Look who's talking. Dr. Hunter declares: "Let physicians enforce and limit treatment according to scientific studies, unencumbered by patient demands and threats of malpractice." Wait a minute, doc. I'm a big fan of the medical profession, but please give patients a say. It's their bodies and their bucks. And while malpractice judgments need to be limited, doctors ought not be freed from threat of lawsuits. That would redress one wrong by creating another. Dr. Hunter also says that if doc-

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tors won't take "primary care responsibilities in return for top-notch reimbursement incentives, get them out of medicine." How's that going to improve health care? And who decides which doctors should be defrocked? Hillary Clinton?

Still, I appreciate Dr. Hunter's detailed response and the honest differences it expresses. I'm happy to deal with them. He complains about "our society's addiction to the latest technology." People, including me, like new technology because it saves lives. My wife and I have four children (ages 22, 18, 11, 8), so I've seen firsthand how innovative technology aids safe childbirth. A fetal monitoring device detected that our unborn child (the 8-year-old Freddy) was having trouble during labor. Birth was induced. The umbilical cord, it turned out, was wrapped around the child's neck. If the trouble hadn't been discovered, the child might have died. I'm thankful for the new device, which wasn't available when my two oldest kids were born. One other point on technology: In every other industry or line of work, new technology is a sign of progress. Should health care be different, with technological advances curbed? I think not, and Freddy agrees.

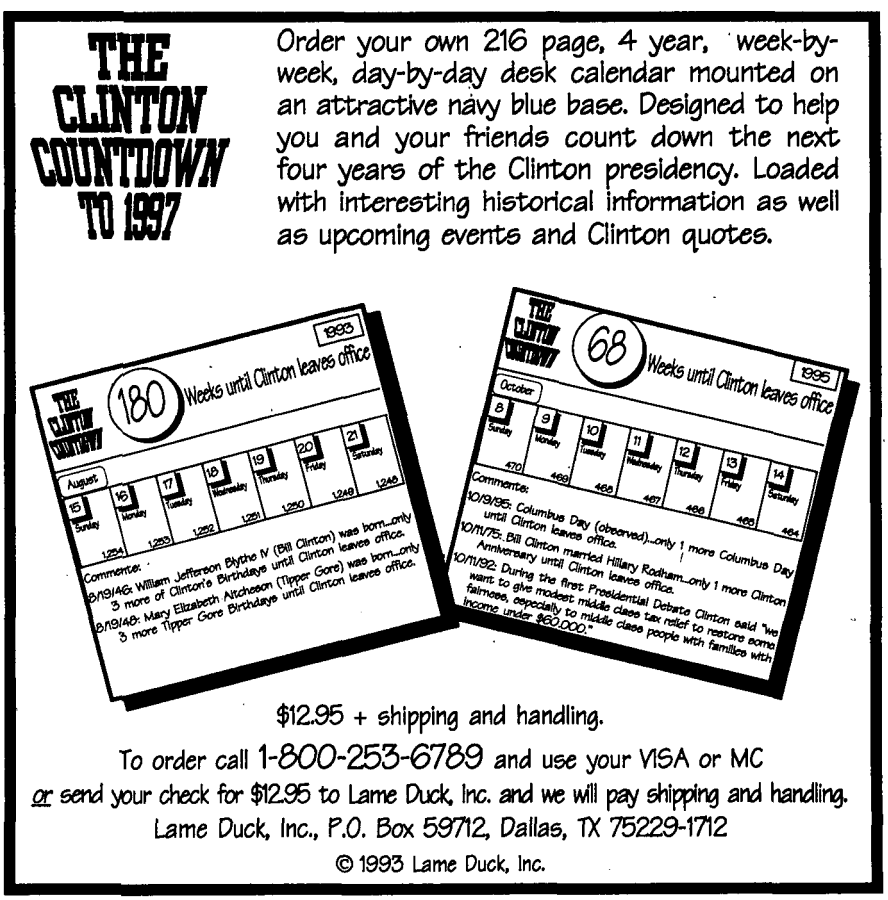
Dr. Hunter mounts a large-scale assault on cost-shifting, the practice of covering the cost of caring for indigent patients by spreading it among those who have insurance and can afford to pay. This system has one virtue: it works. "Care cannot be given away free forever," Dr. Hunter says. It's not. It's paid for through cost-shifting. "Costs are costs and must be passed on to the paying public," he says. Well, they are. Cost-shifting may not be the best conceivable system, but it's hardly so egregious that it warrants scrapping our entire health-care system.

While seeming to disagree, Dr. Hunter actually goes along with some of my points. He concedes that the uninsured get high-quality care. He agrees that the uninsured are disproportionately young, thus healthy. On Medicare, he says it doesn't cover all patient costs. True. That's why people get cheap Medigap insurance policies. Dr. Hunter has tales of woe. What should he tell patients who don't want to take tests for fear of losing their insurance? That's simple: Tell them to take the tests if the tests are medically necessary, and worry about the insurance later. He complains it took a week to find a nursing home for a Medicaid patient. I'm sorry it took so long, but the bottom line is that the patient got treatment. The system worked.

Why is it a "typical conservative, Republican, arrogant American attitude" to note that our doctors are the envy of the world? It's the same attitude held by people—not just doctors—all over the world, particularly in Canada. It's the reason people flock here for care. Dr. Hunter contends further that we "aren't dealing effectively with serious illness in this country." On this, he's just wrong. We have health-care problems, but this isn't one of them. In fact, I infer that Dr. Hunter wants more primary-care doctors and fewer specialists. That will be no help in treating serious illness.

I agree with him on having patients pay a deductible. This gives them, as he says, "some direct responsibility" for their own medical costs. Sorry, doctor, but that's the arrogant conservative position. Now, Dr. Hunter's biggest gripe is that some doctors and hospital officials make too much money and primary care practitioners too little. Maybe that's so by his yardstick. By my own, I make too little and Donald Trump makes too much. But the free market—consisting of patients seeking the kind of care they want—has decided this is appropriate, and I'm *willing* to go along. This same market, remember, created the greatest health-care system in human history. And if countries with socialized medicine have a better attitude toward patients, as Mark McLaughlin insists, so much the better. I don't think an attitude makes up for inferior health care, however.

On health-care costs, I don't have the answer yet for Stanley Budner. My suspicion is that, as Dr. Susan Reynolds says in her lovely letter, "eventually things get cheaper." TVs did. So will medical technology. But health care won't get that much cheaper. My guess is Americans will always spend more on health care because they have the discretionary income to pay for it and they value it highly. The Japanese spend less on health care, but twice as much as Americans on food. It's consumer choice. In addition, there's health-cost inflation caused by government intervention (Medicare, Medicaid). I'll deal with the question of health-care costs in my next *TAS* piece. Please stay tuned. ❐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Hill 1969

by David Clayton Carrad

On Memorial Day this year I got up and caught the 8:22 a.m. train to Washington, D.C., headed for the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial Wall to join the protest against Bill Clinton's presence there.

In my right hand I carried a small, white plastic bag. Inside the bag was my "boonie" hat—the shapeless, unofficial camouflage hat I wore in the jungles of Vietnam twenty-five years ago. The night before, I had found the hat in an old suitcase in the basement and decorated it with my medals (nothing extraordinary; almost everyone who served there got the same ones I did) and my unit patches and old insignia. Without the boonie hat, there was no way you could have guessed I was a Vietnam veteran. I've been told I look a lot like other paunchy, middle-aged corporate lawyers and I was dressed accordingly, in a conservative blue blazer, white shirt, and club tie.

And that's exactly what I wanted on the train to Washington: anonymity. I returned from Vietnam in mid-1969 and entered Harvard Law School. The atmosphere in Cambridge in the fall of 1969 was not a friendly one for returning veterans; in a very short time I acquired a lifetime supply of angry words, spittle, and hostile glances. Although I was proud to have served, I quickly learned the basic survival skill for Vietnam veterans: keep quiet about it, leave it off your résumé, turn the other cheek.

I kept the boonie hat concealed in the plastic bag all the way to Washington, and as I walked through Union Station, and on the Washington Metro as I rode to the subway station nearest the Wall. It was only when I came up the escalator out of the subway that for the first time I saw enough other veterans wearing similar hats, or T-shirts, or old bits and scraps of uniforms, to feel comfortable. I paused at the top of the escalator to put on my boonie hat and joined the growing stream of veterans headed for the Wall.

It was my third trip there—and it had taken me years to get up the strength to go there for the first time. I knew exactly what Army nurse Lt. Col. Janis Nark was talking about later that day when she mentioned "tree vets," those who came to the Wall and were so overwhelmed by its towering black presence when they got up close that they had to back off into the treeline for a while, to get some distance from the names, the cold black granite that looms over you, and wait for hours, sometimes years, before they could find it within themselves to get up close. I'd been through that on my first two visits, both times coming by myself, at dawn, when no one else was there.

This time, I was in for an unpleasant surprise: the Clinton White House had ordered the Wall circled with an ugly wooden snow fence that kept us—the veterans!—500 yards away. You could go inside through the airport-style security detectors—but not if you were carrying a protest sign. Our hastily organized rally was kept back behind the fence—"halfway into the next bloody time zone," as Terry, another veteran, put it.

Terry's gray hair was neatly trimmed. He was wearing khaki shorts and a faded black and white T-shirt. If you knew the crossed-arrow-and-dagger insignia and the motto ("De Oppresso Liber"), you'd know him for the Special Forces Captain he had been in Vietnam in 1966-67, but otherwise he looked exactly like the investment banker he had been since his discharge in 1968. He'd come all the way from London. We shook hands, and Terry introduced me to his high school friend Jack, a medic in Qui Nhon in 1967-68 and a career FDA bureaucrat in Washington since then. We wandered around on the sunny hillside above the Wall where the Clinton forces had confined us, seeking out people from our old units. We weren't bothered by the press—corporate lawyers, London investment bankers, and Washington civil ser-

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vants don't fit their notions of what Vietnam veterans ought to look like. Instead, newsmen were busy seeking out the motorcycle-club members and two field-jacketed brothers from Iowa who looked startlingly like ZZ Top with gargantuan hangovers. Fred and his brother had heard Clinton was coming to our Wall and had driven straight through for two days just for the opportunity to stand up and turn their backs when he spoke. They were delighted to see the other 1,998 (my own completely unofficial estimate) Vietnam veterans gathered on the hillside when they arrived.

"But don't you think your protest is contrary to the spirit of the Wall?" one of the TV reporters was asking Fred. "After all, this Wall is for *healing* the wounds of Vietnam." I heard several reporters trying to bury us in the mush of that word.

Terry stepped forward to Fred's aid. "That's a myth," he said. "Why don't you go down and film the inscription on the Wall and show it on television tonight? That's why we're here, and why Clinton shouldn't be. This Wall was built to honor everyone who served in Vietnam, which most emphatically does not include Mr. Clinton."

I checked later, and Terry was right. The inscription read:

IN HONOR OF THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES WHO SERVED IN THE VIETNAM WAR. . . . OUR NATION HONORS THE COURAGE, SACRIFICE AND DEVOTION TO DUTY AND COUNTRY OF ITS VIETNAM VETERANS.

Not a word about "healing."

Another favorite media word was "courage," as in "Don't you think it took courage for Bill Clinton to come here today?"

"If standing around in a suit and tie and getting booed for a couple of minutes, and then going home to the White House is 'courage,'" said Jack, "then what's the word for going to Vietnam and getting shot at for 365 days?"

We were amateurs at protest, and it showed. The White House had seized all the tactical advantages before we even arrived. Up on Firebase Clinton we had been pushed out of sight of most of the TV

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cameras. We had no press spokesman, no press releases to hand out, no binoculars or walkie-talkies, no organization—nothing except our bodies, some of them brutally wounded in Vietnam; our memories; and our determination that this was *our* day, *our* Wall, and that Bill Clinton's presence there was a national disgrace.

I talked to dozens of veterans, and found no disagreement about Clinton. None of us had voted for him, but he *had* been elected president by the American people, and with that went the title of commander-in-chief. We had no objection to his going to West Point to speak at the cadets' commencement. And we had no objection to his going to Arlington National Cemetery earlier that day to honor the dead of other wars. None of us would have come to Washington to protest either of those things.

But not here. This was the monument to our generation's great fault line, the fault line that has grown wider over twenty-five years—between those who went and those who didn't; between those who served and those who chickened out.

And there was a second consensus among the veterans up on the hillside at LZ Slick Willie: none of us would have come to Washington had Clinton received a medical deferment for a bad knee or back, or joined the National Guard like Dan Quayle, or found some other legally proper, if morally dubious, way to stay at Oxford. What set us off was his in-your-face "I loathe the military" letter in 1969—back then, we *were* the military—and our unshakable perception that he lied to the Arkansas ROTC program in 1969, and lied again to the American people in the 1992 campaign about what he had said and done to dishonorably evade his duty to his country while we were fighting in Vietnam. There wasn't anyone on the hillside who believed that it was possible to "forget" you got an induction notice in that troubled year.

So today was payback, for a lot of things. Our most popular signs were "Vietnam Veterans Loathe Clinton" and "Coward" and "Draft Dodger" and "You Dishonor the Dead by Appearing Here." About 12:45 we fell into a loose formation. We stood on our hillside, kept away from our Wall by the ugly snow fence, until 1:00 when the band played "Hail to the Chief" and we had our first chance to boo.

We came to attention, did a reasonably smart about-face (it was surprising how well we remembered that maneuver), and turned our backs on him. "Where was Bill?" we chanted, and "Off our Wall," and "Come up here!"—an invitation he did not accept. We did another about-face to salute the flag as the military band played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

We listened respectfully and attentively to all the official speakers, booing only when they stated that they welcomed Clinton to our Wall. General Colin Powell—a man whom we respect enormously—introduced Clinton. He spoke to us about welcoming the president in the stern tones of a high school

principal trying to calm an unruly, out-of-control assembly, and suddenly the feeling ran over us—Yes! Perfect! High school!

The Clinton White House had made a serious mistake in keeping us so far back in the trees—we were too far away to feel the overwhelming, somber grief that the Wall calls up from your heart when you're close by. We'd been pushed back so far that it was high school again, a year or two before we were drafted, and we were free to be the unruly boys from shop class, the hoods, the louts, the greasers, the troublemakers, booing that smarmy kid up on the platform who always stayed out of trouble with the teachers and ran for class president and won, but we knew you couldn't count on him in a pinch. And there was General Powell, who could do nothing except frown and lecture to us, like a principal scowling at earlier years' graduates who had come back and were shouting insults and smoking on the front lawn, against all the rules, in the middle of a solemn ceremony—but who grudgingly realized that there wasn't anything he could do to stop us; we had graduated and were beyond his power. We were raunchy, insolent American high school kids again, reveling in our few moments of recaptured innocence.

We booed our lungs out as Clinton himself rose to speak, our anger at him mixed with the sheer lighthearted joy of rebellion, and of hearing our strong voices blend together. We came to attention again and turned our backs on him in unison, even more smartly than in our first about-face. We sang "God Bless America" at the tops of our lungs and drowned out his words. We booed him until our throats were hoarse, half angry and half proud of our solidarity and the sheer volume of the noise we made.

For me, and for everyone else I spoke to that day, it was our first demonstration. We were twenty-five years behind the times, and for the first time a lot of us began to understand the sheer emotional joy of solidarity and brotherhood in just standing together on a hillside and shouting. It helped us understand why demonstrations had been so popular in the sixties, no matter how solemn your cause—they're fun, a terrific emotional release. Sometimes you have to sit down and solemnly debate and think through your position on things and perhaps write an essay; sometimes you just have to stand up on a hillside with your brothers and shout like a soccer hooligan.

When Clinton left, we fell out and walked slowly away. I threw my white plastic bag in the first trash can I saw, and I wore my boonie hat as I walked from the Wall and past the State Department and through the streets of Washington to the Metro station, and I wore it on the Metro all the way to Union Station, and I wore it as I walked through the station in Washington and all the way home on the train. I got some curious stares, but that was fine. For the first time in my life, it felt good to be publicly recognized as a Vietnam veteran. ❐

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Another AIDS Scam

by Byron York and Joe Johns

In the next few months the government's AIDS bureaucracy will spend millions of dollars to test a drug most experts say is useless against AIDS. Just last year, the Department of Health and Human Services warned AIDS patients away from low-dose alpha interferon, most commonly known by two major trade names, Kemron and Immunex. A recent World Health Organization study of 560 Ugandans showed that Kemron produced "no difference" in survival rates or symptom alleviation. But throughout the spring, a low-dose alpha interferon planning group has been meeting at the National Institutes of Health offices in Rockville, Maryland, to design large-scale national trials.

The government's change of mind came not as a result of new studies but after an intense campaign of racial politics directed by the Nation of Islam—with an assist from the country's largest black medical association.

Two years ago, doctors in Kenya made astonishing claims for Kemron. Dr. Davey Koech of the Kenya Medical Research Institute wrote that he had tested the drug on two groups of AIDS patients; all of them, Koech said, experienced dramatic increases of CD4 counts, an important measure of immune-system strength. Koech claimed the symptoms of AIDS disappeared in 97 percent of his patients. And his most spectacular claim was that between 10 and 20 percent became HIV-negative.

Koech's statements gained worldwide publicity. Doctors in various countries published results of more than a dozen studies, all trying to replicate Koech's results. None succeeded. In April of last year, the U.S. government's AIDS Research Advisory Committee (ARAC) published its own report, in which it summarized thirteen studies done around the world by saying that Kemron was not effective, and that "low-dose oral interferon alpha in its various forms, including Kemron, is not recommended at this time for treatment of persons with HIV infection."

The message did not convince this country's leading proponent of low-dose alpha interferon, Dr. Abdul Alim Muhammad of the Nation of Islam. Muhammad, who serves as Minister of Health for the Nation and is a confidant of Louis Farrakhan, runs a medical facility known as the Abundant Life Clinic in a Washington, D.C., housing project. Muhammad says he was skeptical about Kemron, but became a believer after he traveled to Kenya to check out Koech's studies. He returned home and started buying a form of low-dose alpha interferon called Immunex from a company in Kenya. He prescribed it to Abundant Life patients (and sold it to them at five times the price charged by other clinics), and says he "observed the reversal of all symptoms of AIDS in most cases."

Muhammad wrote about his results in the *Final Call*, the newspaper of the Nation of Islam. He said other tests on Kemron/Immunex had failed to reproduce Koech's results because they had failed to follow his method. "We went to Kenya," he wrote, "found out what they were doing, and tried to faithfully follow their lead."

Muhammad demanded the government fund large-scale testing. After the ARAC report, he accused government doctors of racism and said the white AIDS establishment wasn't taking Kemron seriously because it came from Africa. Last August, Muhammad told an audience at Howard University that when he and Dr. Barbara Justice, who runs the Abundant Life Clinic in New York, testified at a congressional hearing, a top NIH scientist—whom he would not name—ignored them both. "Look at this arrogant fool," Muhammad said. "He ain't got one patient that he's saved, yet he turns arrogantly away from a couple of niggers."

Rhetoric like that made it hard for white—and black—AIDS activists to question Muhammad. "I have no comment on him," said one national AIDS figure interviewed by phone. "I can't. I would strongly recommend that he and his procedures be scrutinized, okay? Goodbye."

Muhammad accused the white-owned media of ignoring his message, and kept his campaign alive in the *Final Call* and other African-American newspapers. With their help, he created a word of mouth that spread beyond the mostly poor community served by the Abundant Life Clinic, and into the ranks of the black professional class.

And it was black professionals—in the form of the 16,000-strong National Medical Association, the nation's largest organization of black physicians—who became Muhammad's most powerful allies. The NMA invited Muhammad and Justice to speak at its convention in San Francisco last August. Until that time, the NMA had taken no formal position on the issue, but Muhammad persuaded the doctors that further testing of low-dose alpha interferon was needed. They agreed to help, and passed a resolution calling for government tests.

The NMA was a voice that NIH would listen to, and the opinions of black physicians proved to be the critical element in the decision to approve testing. Dr. George Counts, head of the Clinical Research Management Branch in the Division of AIDS at the NIH's National Institute of Allergies and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), says intense negative reaction from the

Byron York is a producer, and Joe Johns a reporter, at WRC-TV News in Washington.

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black community to the April ARAC report caused government doctors to take a second look at testing.

The racial pressures on NIH were such that the government decided essentially to turn the issue over to the black doctors. "We asked [NMA] to consider convening a meeting to examine the issue," Counts says, "and we told them we were willing to abide by the result of that meeting."

If government doctors needed any more evidence that Kemron had become a hot-button issue in parts of the black community, they got it the next month, when Dr. Anthony Fauci, head of NIAID and the government's chief AIDS fighter, appeared in a panel discussion arranged by the Congressional Black Caucus Health Braintrust. The Capitol Hill meeting room was crowded with community activists. Fauci shared the panel with representatives from the NMA, the U.S. Commission on AIDS, Rep. Louis Stokes of Ohio, and actor Robert Guillaume, whose son had died of AIDS.

After an hour of dry formal statements, the audience erupted in applause when Fauci was asked, "Any comments on Kemron, Immunex?" Fauci mentioned the Koech claims. "There's a considerable amount of controversy in this area," he said, "[the belief] that it's effective and not being recognized." Then he made what sounded like a commitment: "I think the important thing is that the answer should be gotten, and the only way to get one is to do a clinical trial." There was tepid applause.

And Fauci told his black audience that simply doing a government-sponsored trial wouldn't be enough; the testing could not be done by just anybody. "Have the data analyzed by the African-American community," he said, "because even if you get highly qualified white people doing it, the African-American community would be skeptical about that, and I can understand that."

This was a significant change of posture. Fauci, whose agency had previously insisted that enough trials had been done, that low-dose alpha interferon was not recommended as an AIDS treatment, had given his mostly black audience the news they wanted to hear.

But it soon became clear that it wasn't enough. Barbara Justice rose and accused the government of manufacturing the AIDS virus to kill black people. She called for "an investigation of biological warfare experimentation in the laboratories." Fauci didn't respond. She then told of her work with Immunex. "No, I have not seen any sero-deconversions," she said, "but I have seen the majority of my patients who were symptomatic become asymptomatic or nearly asymptomatic."

There was an eruption of applause.

"The only comment I could make," Fauci said, "is that if the data is available to scrutinize, we need to use the scientific method."

Muhammad stood and delivered a statement praising Louis Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam AIDS program. When a voice rose from the audience, he said, "I yield to the brother up front."

"We do have a study for Immunex!" said a man who called himself Minister D.C. "I had no T-cells for so long! But now, praise God, I have some! I had cancer! I had AIDS! But, thank God, I don't have anything! He is greater than AIDS! He is greater than you!" The applause grew. "Thank you, Jesus!"

Fauci was reduced to insisting again that he had no personal opinion one way or the other about low-dose alpha interferon.

Later, a questioner held up obituaries of friends who died of AIDS. "Dr. Fauci, you want data, this is data."

Guillaume addressed Fauci: "At the risk of sounding like a troublemaker, I would like to ask who has AZT helped? It seems to be highly toxic. Can alpha interferon make you feel any worse? I don't know anyone of color who's done well on AZT."[1]

Fauci defended AZT, but another questioner, a doctor from Alabama, pressed the issue: "AZT is a very expensive drug manufactured by white people, and it's killing black folks. They get $10,000 a year for the stuff, and it's killing people, whereas we do have an effective treatment for AIDS, low-dose alpha interferon, but because it came from black folks, it's being ignored."

Fauci's commitment had been made, even though there had been no official announcement on just how testing would be started. That came in October, at the conference the government had asked the NMA to set up. It was a closed-door session at Washington's Omni Shoreham Hotel. Almost everybody involved in the Immunex controversy was there. The government doctors heard what they must have been expecting. "Dr. Muhammad started talking about genocide," says one participant. "He said the reason [Kemron/Immunex] wasn't being accepted was racism." At the end of the day, the doctors filed into a hotel ballroom to meet reporters. Dr. Jack Killen, deputy director of the Division of AIDS at NIAID, wore a red AIDS ribbon on his lapel as he announced that work to design clinical trials would begin soon.

Killen now says that after several months of outside activism and calls for testing, many researchers felt they should test low-dose alpha interferon not because it seemed to work, but because so many people seemed to *think* it did, and were forsaking other proven therapies to try it. "It was a public health issue. We felt the need to step in," he says. The federal government has done the same thing when other unproven (and ultimately ineffective) drugs—dextran sulfate and AL-721 for AIDS, laetrile for cancer—attracted public attention.

Muhammad's political campaign had made its way far into the AIDS bureaucracy, and by the time the government made its commitment, he had changed even the terms of the debate. Muhammad had often spoken of replicating the Kenyan results, and used words like "miracle" to describe high CD4 counts and HIV-negative conversion. But at the Omni Shoreham, he apparently abandoned those amazing claims. He now said that low-dose alpha interferon simply *made his patients feel better*. The government's testing committee (which includes Muhammad and others present at the Omni Shoreham) is now setting up a protocol group to design the tests. George Counts will not comment on what the whole effort might cost, but large national trials usually run into the millions of dollars. ❐

[1] There has been a debate for years on the question of whether AZT works as well in blacks as in whites. The debate is more political than medical. Dr. Roxanne Cox-Iyamu, Director of Medical Resources at Washington's Whitman Walker Clinic, which is the primary community-based provider of HIV/AIDS services in the DC area, says doctors at the clinic have seen no difference in the clinical effectiveness of AZT in patients of different races. Other AIDS experts agree with that assessment, and the same opinion prevails among government scientists.

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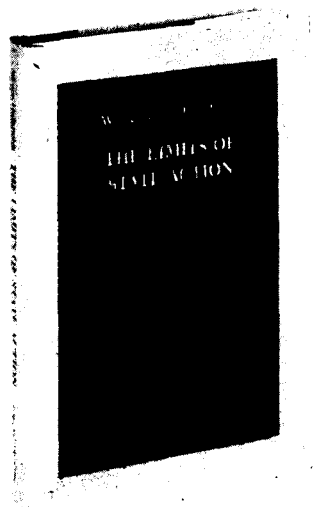

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NAACCCP

by Stephen Schwartz

There is a reason the press coverage of Benjamin F. Chavis, Jr.'s appointment to the top post in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has dealt so superficially with his background. For Chavis is more than an African-American militant; he is the successor to Angela Davis as the most prominent public figure associated in recent years with the Moscow-funded, hard-line Communist Party, USA.

Indeed, since 1973, he has been the titular leader of a rival N-double-A, the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression (NAARPR), which happens to be the CPUSA's legal defense arm. His involvement in pro-Soviet activities far exceeds that of Johnnetta Cole, his fellow-member of the Clinton presidential transition team. (Cole, president of Atlanta's Spelman College and first in line for secretary of education, was removed from consideration when the gross nature of her long involvement with the CPUSA, the Castro regime, and the Communist dictatorship of Grenada was exposed.)

Hillary Clinton's role in these affairs is perturbing, since Chavis's jump to the NAACP from the NAARPR seems to have been accomplished via the Clinton transition team, and Hillary was reputedly the patroness of Cole. It only recently came to light that Hillary served a law-school internship in the law firm of Robert Treuhaft, a long-term Communist Party associate in the San Francisco Bay Area, and husband of England's most famous Red Snob, the egregious Jessica Mitford. (But for a glitch in the stream of history, Mitford, whose family ran to political extremism, might have become Hitler's sister-in-law.) Nobody can yet say how much of Mitford-Treuhaft rubbed off on Hillary during her summer internship in 1970.[1]

One must take into account the fact, little noted except by historians, that the CPUSA had, for many decades, a higher profile among African-Americans than in the broader strata of American society. That some African-Americans would use the party as a publicity asset is understandable—

[1] In the *East Bay Express*, a Berkeley weekly, for April 9, Mitford says she stayed in the Communist Party, which she joined in the 1940s, until she and Treuhaft publicly quit the party in 1958 because "the CP bigwigs cared not a hoot about what local community people were saying." Thus, Mitford and Treuhaft, unfazed by Stalinism, date their disillusionment from the discovery that the CP in Northern California was run by unresponsive bureaucrats!

Davis herself provides the most obvious example—but the easy access of such prominent CPUSA supporters as Chavis and Cole into the higher circles of political responsibility is disturbing.

One could say Chavis owes his job at the NAACP to Andrei Sakharov. For the NAARPR, backed by the Kremlin, crafted the 1970s campaign in favor of the Chavis-led "Wilmington Ten" as a specific response to Jimmy Carter's international human rights campaign, focusing on the Soviet empire's prisoners of conscience. The Wilmington Ten were convicted in North Carolina of arson and conspiracy to shoot at police and fire personnel during urban troubles in 1971 and 1972. Whatever the justice of the trial and verdict, the origin of the international campaign on the defendants' behalf is unarguable.

In a 1977 letter to President Carter, Chavis wrote: "We are equally as well 'prisoners of conscience.' " He said the worldwide counteroffensive in his favor had "been fostered by all governments that see the hypocrisy of our foreign policy—criticism of other countries for so-called violations of human rights when we have human rights violations within our own borders." (The governments gifted with superior vision regarding our "hypocrisy" included, mainly, those of the USSR, East Germany, and Cuba.) The *Washington Post* noted that "Soviet leaders point to the case as a symbol of injustice in the U.S," and when the Ten's sentences were reduced in 1978, the *New York Times* paraphrased Chavis himself, declaring that "the press of the Soviet Union and other Communist nations has cited the conviction of the Ten as an example of U.S. hypocrisy."

The NAARPR was set up under

Stephen Schwartz is a reporter with the San Francisco Chronicle. *Lawrence V. Cott assisted in the research for this article.*

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the aegis of Angela Davis. Chavis appeared at the group's founding convention in 1973 as a co-vice-chairperson with Charlene Mitchell, 1968 Communist presidential candidate and in effect an overseas functionary of the Soviet government, responsible with CPUSA boss Gus Hall for running the party. The 1973 meeting was attended or endorsed by the entire Soviet-subsidized leadership of the CPUSA, including such illustrious Communists as John Abt and Jessica Smith, deeply involved in the Hiss/Chambers case; and Herbert and Bettina Aptheker, father and daughter, longtime CP partisans. The party's arts cadre was also supportive: poet Walter Lowenfels, actor John Randolph, and banjoist Pete Seeger. Other associated names, famous for the defense of Stalinism, included that of a Hollywood Ten member, the onetime screenwriter and permanent party hack, John Howard Lawson.

That Chavis remains an apologist for a dead Communism is clear from a comment in the *New York Times* of April 11. Chavis describes how he met his wife, a Dominican translator at the Angolan Embassy in Paris. He visited the embassy frequently while fighting the Reagan administration's support for UNITA, the Angolan anti-Communist rebels. "I couldn't abide the idea that the U.S. was trying to subvert a legitimately elected African government," he declared. (*Excuse me?* No direct elections of any kind were held in Angola until well after the Reagan era.)

Chavis's willingness to lend himself to Soviet active measures against the U.S. shows at the very least an alarming myopia about hard-line Communism. Nor was he simply an individual facing prosecution, who took his friends where he could find them; his career as a Soviet apologist continued long after his legal case. But the Chavis problem emerges not from the past threat of a now-defunct Communism but from what it says about an individual's judgment. Namely, it demonstrates an utter incomprehension of the meaning of democracy and political pluralism, two concepts that seem of obvious importance to the NAACP's work.

It's thus hardly coincidental that one of the few issues on which Chavis has spoken out boldly is the Lani Guinier nomination. In early June he was widely quoted as saying that "Senate Democrats don't have the stomach to stand up to those right-wing Republicans." (It is curious, too, that the Congressional Black Caucus specifically threatened to block aid *to the former USSR* if Guinier was not confirmed.)

The Guinier affair involves more than extremist writings: neglected through most of the debate was discussion of her parents' careers. Lani's father Ewart Guinier, who died last year, was a wheelhorse of American Stalinism decades before his rise to academic respectability in Harvard's Afro-American Studies department. From 1946 to 1953 he was a high official of the United Public Workers of America, one of eleven unions expelled from the CIO in 1950 for being completely dominated by the Kremlin. (Others included the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers and the notorious longshoremen under Harry Bridges—whose CPUSA affiliation was confirmed in these pages last December by Harvey Klehr and John Haynes.)

During his UPWA period, Guinier was also a leading figure in New York's American Labor Party. In the late 1940s, the ALP underwent a bruising factional fight between the Stalinists grouped around the ALP's sole congressman, the notoriously corrupt Vito Marcantonio, and a group of anti-Stalinist socialists. As a Marcantonio protégé and frequent ALP candidate, Guinier threw himself into this struggle, and was even sued for libel (inconclusively) in 1949 by Eugene Connolly, a non-Stalinist ALP member of the New York city council whom Guinier had called "anti-Negro."

If that style of rhetoric sounds familiar, so will another aspect of Guinier's ALP activities. The American Labor Party owed its political successes in no small part to the fact that New York City elections were then run on the basis of proportional representation—precisely the system Guinier's daughter Lani would seek to impose at the national level four decades later. This format allowed ALP Stalinists to win municipal seats, and even made it possible for such characters as Peter V. Cacchione and Benjamin Davis, Jr. to win council seats repeatedly on the open ticket of the Communist Party. Proportional representation was abolished by voters in New York in 1950, to great lamentations by the comrades done in by a popular move to "get the Commies out of office."

Prior to his UPWA and ALP work, Guinier and his wife had been prominent leftist leaders in the then-territory of Hawaii, where the CPUSA pursued some of its most subversive projects. While a warrant officer in the U.S. Army, Guinier served as an instructor at the Honolulu Labor Canteen—a CP soul-catching operation that was a focus for maritime and military agitation around the Pacific—where he taught the history of the Soviet Union. In Hawaii, the Guiniers were active in efforts to assure the speedy withdrawal of American servicemen from Asia at the end of World War II, in order to leave the field open for Communist influence. In a Senate investigation of UPWA, Guinier refused to testify whether or not he was a Communist Party member.

Rep. Dick Armey of Texas, chairman of the House Republican Conference, recently told a Texas audience that Hillary Clinton "hangs around with a lot of Marxists. All her friends are Marxists." After an uproar in newspapers over the next few days, Armey withdrew the remark.

He shouldn't have. ❐

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Bogus Charlie Stenholm

by Grover G. Norquist

On Thursday afternoon, May 27, 1993, Texas congressman Charlie Stenholm cast his vote in favor of Bill Clinton's budget reconciliation package, which increases taxes by $300 billion over the next five years and increases spending from $1.5 trillion this year to $1.8 trillion in 1998. More than a dozen moderate Democrats followed Stenholm's lead, giving Clinton his first major legislative victory by a margin of 219-213. Both Republicans and Democrats agree that without Stenholm's support and influence, Clinton's package would have died in the House.

Only days before the final vote, taxpayer groups and business lobbies believed they had the votes to defeat the package, which would have forced Speaker Tom Foley to withdraw the bill from consideration until after the Memorial Day recess. It was hoped that once congressmen were in their districts, they would be subjected to the growing anger of taxpayers. Just as the Dole filibuster against Clinton's $16.5 billion "stimulus" package was strengthened by the April recess, so too would the anti-tax forces in the House gain strength through any delay.

One reason people believed that Clinton's package was in serious trouble was Stenholm's announcement that he would insist on real caps in entitlement spending. The Washington press corps frequently calls Stenholm for the "moderate" or "conservative" Democratic spin on issues, and for ten years, Democratic congressmen who've wanted to distance themselves from the party's liberal ideology have looked to Stenholm as their standard-bearer. If Stenholm had stood his ground—demanding real spending reduction and real caps on entitlements—Clinton would have lost on May 27.

But Stenholm caved. The Democratic leadership allowed him to attach a toothless "entitlement review process" that even Ways and Means Chairman Rostenkowski belittled as "bells and whistles." Stenholm's collapse was so total that it led tax activist Peter Roff to complain, "After a dive like that, someone should call the boxing commissioner."

The fury of conservative congressmen at Stenholm's betrayal was unprecedented, not simply because of the size of the package Stenholm forced through, but because it was the latest in a series of efforts to cut spending that Stenholm endorsed and then undermined. Members were angry at Stenholm, but also at themselves for being fooled—yet again—into thinking Stenholm would stand firm. Sadder and wiser, one member likened Stenholm to the cartoon character Lucy who each fall holds the football out for Charlie Brown, only to pull it away at the last minute.

Some argue that Stenholm is simply weak: he can't stand up to pressure. Richard Billmire of the National Republican Campaign Committee recalls that when the winds were blowing from the right in the early 1980s, Stenholm was "terrified of Ronald Reagan" and could be counted on as a sure vote in support of the contras and the Reagan tax and budget cuts. "Bush did not scare Stenholm," Billmire says, but now Foley and Clinton do. Or it might just be that Stenholm's double-dealing stems from his own drive for power, which requires that he ultimately please the Democratic leadership.

House Republican Whip Newt Gingrich sees Stenholm as an active part of the leadership's strategy, providing cover for Democrats in swing districts who have to pretend to be moderates. Gingrich likens Stenholm to the Washington Generals, the basketball team that barnstorms with the Harlem Globetrotters. "Their job is to make it look interesting, make it look close even, but in the end to lose gracefully."

Stenholm's usefulness to the Democratic leadership was underscored in 1989, when he was given the post of deputy whip. A whip's job is to line up votes for the leadership's position—an odd job for an honest dissident. Stenholm has also been rewarded with a plum assignment on the Budget Committee. By contrast, when then-Democrat Phil Gramm bucked the House leadership in the early 1980s to cosponsor Reagan's first tax cuts, he was stripped of his committee assignments.

Former New Hampshire congressman Chuck Douglas led the fight for a balanced-budget amendment in 1990—which Stenholm purportedly supported—and has vivid memories of the "help" Stenholm offered. Because the Democratic leadership would not allow the amendment out of committee and onto the House floor, Douglas circulated a discharge petition, a little-used parliamentary mechanism that forces a vote on a piece of bottled-up legislation if a majority of members sign on. "When we were within two votes of forcing the discharge," Douglas recalls, "we saw Stenholm up at the front desk talking with the Speaker. Throughout the entire process Stenholm was always trying to slow us down; we were certain he was warning Speaker Foley, and so I rushed up two more signers and we discharged the balanced-budget amendment. This is what we had been working on for months. Charlie's reaction—he was livid!"

Douglas adds that Stenholm "violently" opposed any balanced-budget amendment that limited tax hikes, such as Texas Rep. Joe Barton's proposal to require a

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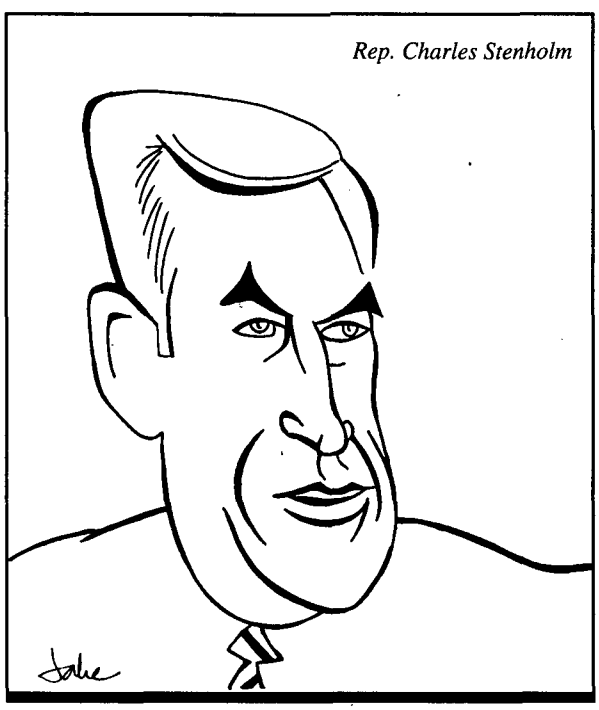
two-thirds vote for tax increases as a way to force spending cuts. "If Charlie Stenholm was even a minor irritant to the ultimate goals of the liberals," Douglas says, "you would hear unceasing hell from liberal publications and liberal columnists. The left would pillory him if they saw him outside their control."

The 1989 brouhaha over the National Endowment for the Arts demonstrated how the myth of a moderate Stenholm has served the liberals well. Rep. Dana Rohrabacher of California offered the libertarian solution to funding obscene and blasphemous art: no government control of the arts, no taxpayer-funded grants. His amendment would have cut off all funding to the NEA, saving taxpayers $171 million. Rep. Dick Armey voted for the Rohrabacher amendment on principle and also offered a 10-percent cut to the grants-giving portion of the NEA budget that would have saved $14.4 million and sent a signal to the NEA to clean up its act. Stenholm saved the day for the NEA crowd by offering a "perfecting amendment" to cut only $45,000—the total of the two most prominent abuses—from the $2 million increase in the NEA budget. In short, Stenholm won the NEA its increase, protected it from certain slashing by Armey, and gave members a chance to say they "voted with that conservative from Texas" Stenholm.

Earlier this year, Stenholm singlehandedly sabotaged New York Rep. Gerald Solomon's legislative line-item veto, which would have allowed the president to cross out wasteful spending and required a two-thirds vote of both houses to reinstate spending. As a legislative and not constitutional amendment, it required only a majority of the Congress to be enacted. Solomon had commitments for 218 votes and fifteen more to spare. Last fall, nervous Democratic freshmen had campaigned in favor of a line-item veto. Clinton said he was for it. The House leadership, however, was dead set against it, and this is where Stenholm came in, introducing a deceptive "expedited rescission" bill. In a letter to members, Rep. Harris Fawell of Illinois denounced the Stenholm bill as a charade that in fact provided for *weaker* rescission authority.

It's a wonder Stenholm managed to craft a reputation as a conservative Southern Democrat in the first place. The National Rifle Association points out that Stenholm voted in 1991 for the Brady Bill. The Right to Work Committee complains of his "steady leftward drift" as demonstrated in his vote to repeal the Hatch Act (to allow your local EPA and IRS agents to come and raise funds from your company while they decide about your permits and tax audits). Stenholm's colleagues on the Agriculture Committee were not surprised this year when Stenholm led the Clinton grab for an additional $7.5 billion in food stamps. Taxpayer and business groups remember Stenholm as the point man in the Democratic leadership's fight against cutting the capital gains tax back in 1989.

A number of spending-cut congressmen echo Chuck Douglas's observation that "whenever Stenholm gets near one of our projects it ends up failing." How to explain Dick Armey's success in establishing a base-closing commission that has resulted in billions of dollars in real savings? Perhaps by noting that Stenholm never helped in that legislative campaign. It's one thing for the Texan Stenholm to sabotage the work of a New York congressman like Gerald Solomon; it would have been quite another had he undermined the efforts of Dick Armey, whose district borders on his own.



Rep. Charles Stenholm

Stenholm's strategy of feinting right and folding left has allowed him to run unopposed since 1978. This will almost certainly change. His district voted 69-31 for Republican Kay Bailey Hutchison in June's special election, and gave 65 percent of its votes to Republican Phil Gramm in 1990.

Genuine fiscal conservatives like Tim Penny and Gary Condit should now have an opportunity to emerge as leaders of the Democratic party's moderates. Charles Stenholm has been outed, and his days as a party leader may be numbered. His vote for Clinton's tax-and-spend package has made it impossible for him to claim he is anything other than an active agent of the House Democratic leadership.

Writing in the *Wall Street Journal* last November 4, Mark Nuttle, former executive director of the National Republican Congressional Committee, said he knew of at least fifteen Democratic incumbents who would be willing to overthrow Tom Foley. According to Nuttle, a serious conservative effort to displace Tip O'Neill in 1985 fell short only for lack of a strong leader among the Democratic moderates. It's possible that if the Republicans raise their numbers in the House to about 193, they could put together enough party switchers and Democrats to overturn the present leadership.

Given Clinton's weakness, Foley & Co. know that a pickup of fifteen Republican seats in 1994 is a real possibility. Now more than ever, the House leadership will try to prop up Stenholm to stop the growth of a real opposition.

It may be too late. One member close to Stenholm wistfully recalls the Stenholm of a dozen years ago, who not only backed key Reagan policies but fought for his district and believed in limited government. "Now he is a useful tool," the member says, "playing on his fraying reputation." He compares Stenholm to Marshal Pétain, a hero in World War I who wound up the leader of Vichy France and a universal symbol of collaboration. What's saddest, he notes, is that "it will be difficult for Stenholm to return to his first loyalties, and his new friends will drop him as his usefulness evaporates." ❐

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Boy in the Hood

by Benjamin J. Stein

Wednesday

A beautiful day in Sunny Southern California. I wrote about bonds in the morning, and then strolled out the door of the mighty Shoreham Towers to lunch. As I walked out, I saw some of my favorite people. My soon-to-be co-star, Alexander Godunov, a famous ballet dancer and actor. A stunningly beautiful Italian girl who has come here with her Mom from Milan to model. A local newscaster named Pat Lalama who always seems to be talking about news that makes a life-or-death difference to her. A lawyer named John who drives a Rolls-Royce. My beautiful neighbor, Allison, who was washing her car across the street. They all greeted me, and I felt I had friends, a rare feeling for me in Los Angeles.

I strolled down Shoreham Drive, past a little swimming pool where a buxom woman was sunbathing, past a furniture store, and then past an almost unbelievably gorgeous woman putting quarters into a parking meter next to her Jaguar convertible. She looked at me as if she were a Dun & Bradstreet optical scanner, computing by appearance how much money I had. Clearly not enough, because she soon filled the meter, turned, and walked past me as if I were the beggarly failure that I am.

Across the street, I met my pal Larry Wilson for lunch. Larry was one of my best students when I taught at UC–Santa Cruz, lo these twenty long years ago. I taught about the political content of film, and how anti-business it was. Larry and his fellow students would look at me, make faces, and explain to me how important it was to be a vegetarian. Once they showed me something called a slip-n-slide.

A slip-n-slide, a vestige of the days when the vandals were truly taking the crowbars to Western civilization, was an artificial waterway laid out on the top floor of the B-dorm of College V. It would be filled with water and mineral oil. The students would take their clothes off, slip and slide around in it, eat mushrooms, and then head off to mud baths at Big Sur to watch the sun rise. All subsidized by the taxpayers of the state of California. Great, huh?

You can get an idea of how well I fit in there if you know that out of a total campus vote of about 1,500 cast for president in 1972, I was one of three votes for Richard M. Nixon. Fourteen hundred and ninety-seven went for George McGovern, who turned out to be even nuttier than any of us had thought.

Larry, who is now a magician, ate salad with me and reminisced about the guys who repaid me for supporting Nixon by putting a huge swastika near a likeness of RN, and about the lovable rascal of a faculty member who insisted that it was my Jewish money craziness (or something similar)—and not students putting up a Nazi emblem next to the president—that was the problem. Ah, those were the days.

A lovely woman sat down at the table next to us. As is my habit, I started to ask her all about herself. She told me she was just arrived from Georgia, the single mom of a four-year-old, a fledgling songstress in search of a job and a playmate for her son. I told her that she could bring him over to swim at the mighty Shoreham Towers at her leisure. It made me feel very grand to make the offer, I can tell you that.

On my way back to the Shoreham Towers, Larry and I reminisced some more. It sounds strange, but even though I was odd man out at Santa Cruz, I was happy among those redwoods and in those meadows. One day in September, I took a stroll with a girl named Jan and we stopped and sat on a bed of redwood and pine leaves and needles (maybe just needles) and I kissed her. That's all.

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.

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Just a kiss, and I think that was the happiest moment of my life until I met little Mr. Delicious Perfect. Well, maybe also after I saw my wife in her wedding dress in Fort Myer Chapel in 1968. But I never saw Jan again. If anyone knows a Jan Looney (real name) from Santa Cruz, please let me know.

Thursday

An amazing evening with my pal Sally the Madam. Sally is a real person who lives by her phone night and day arranging "photo shoots" for beautiful girls with wealthy, almost always much older, men. She used to be an actress, and she has an almost perfect voice. It can be sarcastic, friendly, mocking, businesslike, all in a moment.

She lives in Santa Monica, and I sometimes sit in her Spartan apartment watching her operate. She gets a call from a man. He wants a girl at ten at night, but he'll only pay five hundred. "But, honey," Sally says. "That means I don't get anything. Can't you just make it six? What difference does a hundred make?"

Then she calls a girl. "Remember Tad?" she asks the girl. "He wants a photo shoot. Yeah. He'll go five, but it'll only be for an hour."

The girl is obviously balking.

"Debbi," says Sally in her most honeyed tones, "he really likes you. I'm sorry that he was rude to you and hadn't showered last time. That doesn't mean he doesn't like you. And I promise he won't have his bodyguards there, and if he does, that'll be another five for each of them."

"I hate her," Sally says when she gets off the phone. "She always calls bugging me because she wants work, and then just because this guy told her she was fat last time, she doesn't want to see him."

Another call. "Yes, yes," she says excitedly. "Yes." She listens and then she says, "I'll try."

Sally gets off the phone, opens another Michelob, and heaves a sigh. "That's Prince A.," she says. "From Saudi Arabia. He wants a girl, only she has to be under 21 and she can't be a pro. It has to be her first time working for money."

"Why don't you tell him you can't do it?" I said. "In fact, why don't you tell them all you can't do it, and then not do it anymore? You know you hate it. That's why you have to be drunk to do it at all. Just stop doing it. Become a lawyer. Become a theatrical agent. Maybe an accountant. Just so you don't have to peddle flesh anymore."

"But I love doing it," Sally insists as I watch her swig more beer and shake her red hair. "I love making people happy."

"I wonder who you're making happy," I mused aloud. "You're always telling me how miserable the girls are, how they're on drugs, how they hate their clients . . ."

"Only some of them hate their work," Sally said. "Some of them have told me that even if they got married, they'd still want to work."

Sally turned back to her phone and started calling around to try to find a new girl for Prince A. No luck. No luck even reaching someone to ask. As she frowned, she saw me looking through her photos of her girls, most of them long obsolete and all with phony names. "How about you, Ben?" she asked brightly.

"What about me?"

"Maybe you know a girl who'd like to make twenty-five hundred tonight? A new one. One who's never worked before."

"Are you crazy? Are you out of your mind?" I demanded. "You must truly be insane."

"Well, it was just a thought," Sally said with a girlish laugh (which told me something about the authenticity of girlish laughs). "Besides, you'd be surprised at how many women would work to earn some extra money. A lot of women that you'd never suspect it about. Even housewives."

"The point isn't about them," I said. "It's about me. Do you think in your wildest dreams that I'd send someone I know to hook for a Saudi prince? For anyone? I wouldn't even consider it. My goal is to get you to stop, not get someone else to start."

Sally shrugged."I'd give you the whole commission," she said hopefully.

Hart Crane wrote a beautiful poem that always makes me think of call girls and madams:

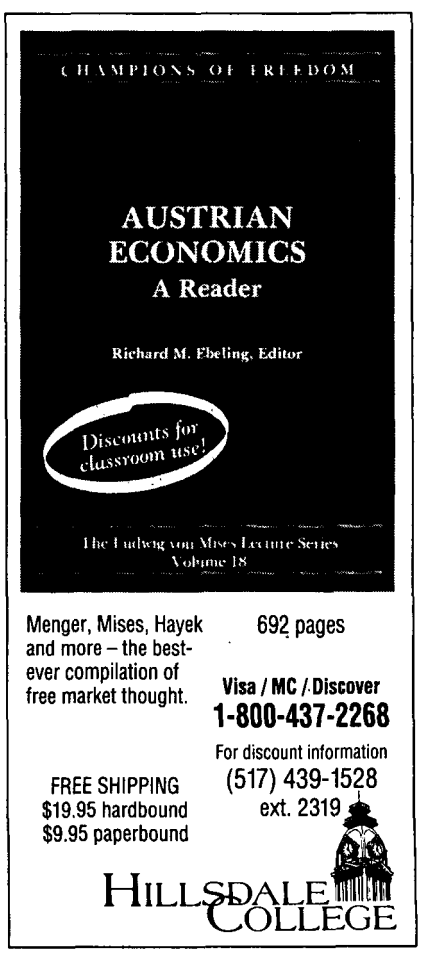
O brilliant kids,
Frisk with your dog,
And fondle your shells and sticks,
Bleached by time and the elements,
But there is a line you must not cross,
Nor trust spry cordage of your bodies to
Caresses too lichen-faithful from too wide a breast.
The bottom of the sea is cruel.

Actually, the poem makes me think of life in Los Angeles generally. Kids on a beach playing dangerous games.

Friday

There's a reason why they call it "development hell." Development is what happens when you sell an idea or get a producer interested in an idea, and then have meeting after meeting to get the idea "nailed down." You take your fresh, gleaming, personal work of creativity to someone who does this for a living, and the gold turns into sodden *work.*

This afternoon, I'm at a studio in the Valley with my idea for a movie about an investment bank founded by Satan. It's a fine idea, so the boss of this operation has told me. He likes it and wants it



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to fly. So, he's gone out of town and left me with his "head of development," a 30-year-old graduate of Wesleyan with the unlikely name of Esau.

"We have to know what's motivating the hero," Esau says. Then he coughs a huge, wracking cough. "We have to see something real in this character," he adds, and then he sneezes and wipes his hand with his handkerchief after he's wiped his nose with it. "I want something really original that's never been done before, like what they did in *High Noon*," he says, and then he coughs again and wipes sweat off his brow.

Pretty soon I feel as if I'm in the typhoid ward in a hospital in Bangladesh getting suggestions on my story from a famous Deshi guru who happens to think that the only true fount of wisdom is the old episodes of "Gunsmoke."

Still, if we get this going, it'll mean . . . I don't know. It'll mean *something*. I'll get paid for it, and then I can spend the money and feel stupid for having spent the money. That's something. Or I can lose it speculating. That's also of some considerable value.

It feels awfully good to be outside, out on the lot, where I can have a hint of the westerlies that blow over the mountains in the afternoon.

Later, as I read the cruel *Wall Street Journal*, which is always telling me how much better off I'd be if I had done this differently or that differently, I got a call. It was the woman from Georgia. The single mom with the four-year-old. The one I had met at the restaurant a few days before.

"It's really hot," she said.

"Indeed, it is," I agreed, "and I'd love to have you come over and swim with me at the pool here. You and your son."

The woman, whom I'll call Lee, agreed.

An hour and a half later, Lee, her incredibly cute son, Wolfie, and I were all sitting in the jacuzzi at the Shoreham Towers. It was a balmy late afternoon, and we all felt pretty darned good to be in the sunshine, if I may say so.

"Hey," Lee suddenly said to me, "didn't you say you were a lawyer?"

"Yes, although I don't really practice except to write about securities law," I said cheerfully.

"Well, I sold some story rights to Warner," Lee said, "optioned them, actually, and maybe you'd take a look at the contracts for me."

"I can do that," I said. "It would be easy, but I'm jealous. I haven't sold any story rights in a long time. What was the story about?"

Lee frolicked in the bubbling water and showed off her trim figure in her black one-piece bathing suit.

"It's about the five years with David," she said, "and just what he was all about."

"David?" I asked. "David who?"

"David the musician," she said earnestly. "David Koresh."

"You're kidding, I hope," I said. "I mean, I assume you're joking."

"Not at all," she said. "I met him when he was a guitarist back east, and he really wanted for me to join his band. He was always calling me from Waco to ask me to come with him and we'd have a band."

"Wow," I said. "What a crazy guy."

"Yeah," Lee said. "I told my manager about him, and my manager talked to him, and my manager said, 'Yeah, go out and work with him if you want to wind up like Sharon Tate.' "

"What a scary guy," I said. "I wonder why he had so many women after him."

"Well, he was able to speak to women in terms of prophecy," Lee said. "Like he was able to tell them things about the Book of Revelations and the Book of Daniel that showed them exactly where they fit in, and he was able to explain prophecies that even the great rabbis and priests couldn't explain."

"How do you know the great rabbis and priests couldn't explain it?" I asked.

"David told us," Lee said. "Plus, I'm from the Bible Belt, and all of this stuff was new to me."

"I see," I said. "Well, anyway, what a loon he turned out to be. I mean, getting all those kids killed."

"You think he did that?" Lee asked. "I think the FBI did that. They weren't going to let someone who told people he was Jesus live."

Oh, boy. "Why not? There are a lot of people walking up and down Hollywood Boulevard who think they're Jesus. And say it. And anyway, if he wasn't a nutcase, why didn't he let those people out of the compound?"

"The people didn't want to get out of the compound," she said. "They knew the truth."

"What's the truth?" I asked.

"The truth is that The Fifth Seal says that the chosen of the lamb shall ascend to heaven in a fiery inferno," she said with an intense look in her eyes. "Didn't you know that?"

"You know," I said after a moment," I really have to go to dinner now with my little boy. Why don't you and Wolfie play here in the jacuzzi and in the pool for as long as you want, and I'll just call you next week and we'll get together to go over those contracts. How would that be?"

I went back to my apartment and looked at some old photos of my father in front of the Federal Reserve Board, maybe in 1937 or 1938. He looks so happy and so young. Then there's a photo of my mother and my father on the

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deck of their house in Silver Spring, back in 1958, I would guess, and my mother looks so young and pretty, and I can still recall vividly how the Sligo Creek Park breeze would come up over the deck at night, bearing fireflies and the beguiling smell of decaying leaves.

I can hardly remember any people I knew seeming to be crazy then. What happened? How did it all change? Was I always destined to leave the land of sane people and live among crazy people?

I found a poem that my mother had sent me a few days before:

Oh, when you're young
And the words to your tongue
Like the birds to Saint Francis
With darting, with dances
—Wait, you say, Wait!
There's still time! It's not late!

And the next day you're old
And the words all as cold
As the birds in October
Sing over, sing over,
Sing Late! Late!
And Wait! You say, Wait!

Sunday

Ah, but then there's Lani Guinier. I like her. She makes the people I deal with here day after day seem sane. A woman who explicitly wants to have a race war, who explicitly doesn't believe in the Constitution, who wants to enshrine racial divisions in law, and to put up a litmus test to make sure other blacks are sufficiently racist for her. That's good thinking, Bill. Good work, Hillary.

Scratch a Clintonite, and you find a very angry person. Look at those faces. Donna Shalala. Robert Reich. Hillary. Warren Christopher. These are angry people. Ira Magaziner. Intense. Oh, George Bush, why couldn't you have campaigned halfway decently? Why did you turn us over to these people? A woman who has written articles against the Constitution as head of the Civil Rights division? Why not a Nazi sympathizer? Why not David Duke?

Oh, precious Tommy, watching Ren and Stimpy at my knee, what's to become of your America?

On the other hand, maybe Lani Guinier knows certain prophecies and the meaning of the Sixth Seal.

Thursday

Drama class for Tommy Stein. Today, he's in his first play and I'm on my way to watch him. It's a very short five-year-old's version of Little Red Riding Hood. The teacher, a stern-looking woman with (you guessed it) silver and topaz jewelry, said that Tommy was going to play Little Red Riding Hood and another little boy, Lionel, was going to play the wolf. "This is to show that the weaker part does not always have to be played by a woman," she said. Tommy played his part beautifully and burped in the middle.

Then there was an all-girl version of Sleeping Beauty, in which one five-year-old slapped a sleeping woman comrade to awaken her. "The moral of this story," said the drama teacher, "is that a strong woman does not need a man to save her. Strong women can save each other."

One of the mothers leaned over to me. "Yeah," she said, "but who's gonna lend us money?" ❐

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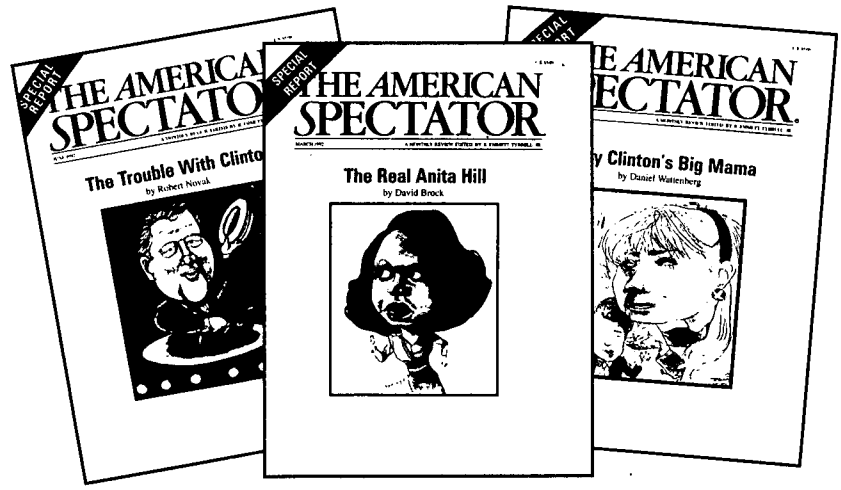

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What a Character!

by John Corry

No doubt about it; Bill Clinton was in trouble. "The Incredible Shrinking President," the *Time* cover shouted, while *Newsweek* asked, "What's Wrong?" Just about everything, apparently—bad staff work, murky policies, and Harry and Linda Thomason—although the unanswered question was not what, but why. That the White House was a mess was self-evident, but there was a reluctance to associate this with character flaws in the president or to suggest that he was not up to the job. Media rules required reporters and correspondents to seek other explanations, some fanciful in the extreme.

There was, for example, Katie Couric ("asking the questions only Katie Couric could ask," the NBC promo said) in a one-hour interview with Hillary Rodham Clinton. Couric said Mrs. Clinton "may be one of, if not the, closest advisers to the president." Then she moved in on the touchy stuff.

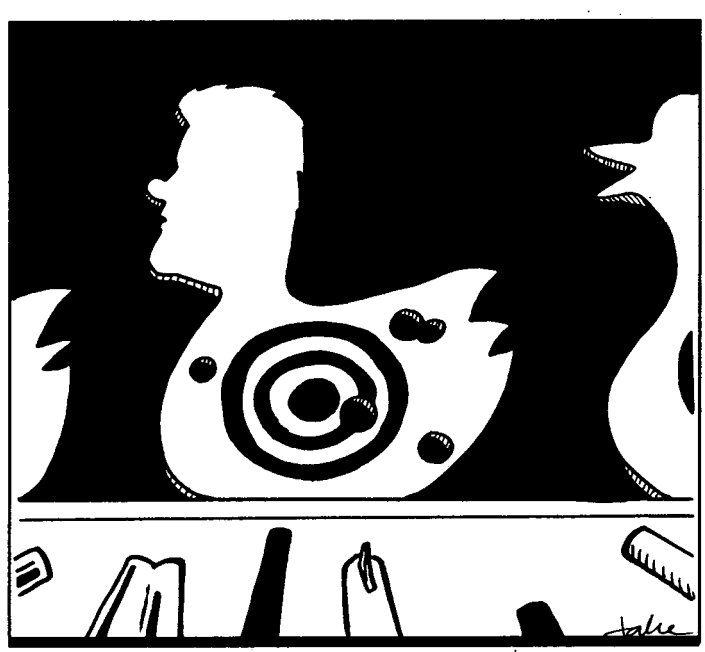
"Had you been keeping your eye on the ball, you would have said, Hey, Bill, don't do that," Couric said, suggesting that Mr. Clinton's problems had arisen because Mrs. Clinton had failed to exercise oversight. Mrs. Clinton demurred, however, and said Bill could take care of himself.

Nonetheless, the controversy over Lani Guinier was raging even as Mrs. Clinton and the chirpy Ms. Couric spoke. The president had just pulled Guinier's nomination as assistant attorney general for civil rights, while claiming he had only that day read her writings. "I have to tell you," he said at a news conference, "that had I read them before I nominated her, I would not have done so." He denied this had anything to do with a calculated move to the political center. "I would say this is about my center," he said, "not about the political center."

Thus the obvious question: Where was the president's center? When a very uncomfortable Al Gore appeared on "Nightline" to explain further why Guinier had been dumped, he said her writings represented "a set of ideas the president doesn't agree with." Ted Koppel dryly pointed out then that the ideas were "precisely the things" the press had been discussing for weeks. Why hadn't the president been disturbed about them before?

Meanwhile, the same night Gore was talking to Koppel, Clinton was talking to the *New York Times*'s R.W. Apple. It was at a dinner in the White House, and as Apple reported two days later, it was attended by "journalists, Democratic leaders, businessmen, figures from the capital's cultural life," all of whom "sensed how much Mr. Clinton had at stake as he struggled to get his Presidency back on course." Over the beef Wellington, Apple wrote, Clinton spoke bitterly about what he described as "a campaign of right-wing distortion and vilification" of Guinier's views in the press. The president was particularly scornful, Apple wrote, about an op-ed piece in the *Wall Street Journal* by Clint Bolick. Its headline had called Guinier a "quota queen."

Obviously, there was confusion here. How could Clinton be disturbed by "precisely the things" the press was discussing if the press was full of "right-wing distortion and vilification"? It was all a tad difficult to follow, although it may be that Clinton had been misled when he read Anthony Lewis. The *Times* columnist had written that "Professor Guinier was the target of the most effective smear campaign seen in Washington since Joe McCarthy's day." Bolick, apparently, had led the campaign. Lewis identified him as "a protégé of William Bradford Reynolds, the right-wing zealot who wrecked civil rights enforcement in the Reagan Administration." Two days later, Lewis's colleague Anna Quindlen picked up the same theme. Bolick, she wrote, was a "conservative who has worked with William Bradford



John Corry is a former New York Times *media critic and the author of* My Times: Adventures in the News Trade, *forthcoming from Putnam.*

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Reynolds." Therefore, nothing he said could be trusted. Not long ago this was called guilt by association.

The characterization of Bolick as a right-wing nut, though, was excessive, even by *Times* columnist standards. Bolick is a co-founder of the Institute for Justice in Washington, which promotes free-market practices. He once won a suit to overturn a District of Columbia law that banned outdoor shoeshine stands. The idea that a right-wing op-ed piece in the *Wall Street Journal* was behind all the opposition to Guinier was excessive, too. The same issue of the *New Republic* that had an editorial, "Withdraw Guinier," carried an article by Abigail Thernstrom that came close to suggesting Guinier simply did not like white people. The headline on the *New Republic* cover had said: "The Clinton Nomination: A Clinton Betrayal."

Had the *New Republic* also been suborned by right-wingers? The president's center seems so ambiguous a place that he may have thought so. It is hard to know where he lives, a difficulty the *Times* acknowledged when it led the paper with the results of a *Times*-CBS poll. The headline said: "More People View/Clinton as Liberal/As He Seeks Center." The poll also found that Clinton had an approval rate of only 38 percent, and that half the people it surveyed thought he had "lost touch with ordinary Americans." As John Chancellor solemnly said of Clinton in an NBC commentary a few nights later, "His highest priority now is how he is to be perceived."

Presumably, this is true. Perception is a big thing in politics. Why a president is perceived one way and not another, however, is more than mere cosmetics. Television pictures—Clinton leading a skirmish line of Marines across the White House lawn, say, or displaying his Mickey Mouse tie to reporters—can only go so far. David Gergen's political cross-dressing will not be enough, either. Clinton must feel something real; he must show he cares about at least something. Polls often showed Ronald Reagan on one side of an issue and most Americans on the other, but it never made much difference. It was all over for the Democrats the day he was first sworn in as president. When the Mormon Tabernacle Choir pulled up on a float in front of Reagan's box at the inaugural parade and sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," a camera zoomed in on the new president's face. You could see his eyes were teary. It was clear he was more in touch with himself and the rest of the country than his critics, and that in a pale, thin time he was real.

Contrast that with Clinton's visit to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial on Memorial Day. It was meant to be solemn and moving, although it came off as only stagy. Clinton did not belong there; he might have been commander-in-chief, but he seemed to be an intruder. The *Times* reported that Clinton's "eyes glistened with emotion as he listened to the speakers and singers tell of their fallen comrades and their wartime experiences," although when he spoke himself he did so without feeling. He might have saved the day if he had offered even the smallest apology for his anti-war activities or shown some appropriate guilt, but he neglected to do either. You waited for a real emotion, but one never came, and even the promise to declassify POW-MIA records was partly fraudulent. The media reported the promise as news, although it wasn't. Clinton had said it all before. Last summer he "demanded the immediate declassification and release of pertinent government documents which deal with the POW-MIA issue." Last fall he said that "when I am your president, the files will be thrown open, the roadblocks will be torn down, and the truth will come out." Then, apparently, he forgot about it.

Clinton's weaknesses are catching up with him now. His drooping approval ratings prove that. At the same time, a White House press corps that once fell in love with a policy wonk grows increasingly testy. Reporters do not show Clinton the respect they once did, and when they face him at news conferences now some no longer even address him as Mr. President. It is almost as if they have decided there is an impostor in the White House. Perhaps there is, and it may be the real reason everything now seems to be going all wrong. Clinton has a problem, even if the respectable press is unwilling to name it. For that you must turn to the fringes. Vladimir Posner, the old Communist flack, and Phil Donahue, the talk show host, team up on NBC's cable channel at night. Phil plays Lou Costello to Vladimir's Bud Abbott, and sometimes they get off some good ones. Phil once introduced Noam Chomsky as "one of the world's leading social thinkers." When Clinton began his slide in the polls, "Posner/Donahue" talked about it. "The country is as guilty as the president," Phil declared. Vladimir, however, did not quite buy that. He seemed to think the press was at fault. He said it sensationalized the news, and recalled the fuss everyone made when Khrushchev banged his shoe on the table.

A few weeks later, though, they talked about Clinton again. By then, his slide in the polls had become precipitous. Phil asked Vladimir what he thought was going on, and Vladimir said, "The major thing is that nobody believes him anymore." That was only common wisdom, of course, but then came the big breakthrough. "I'm beginning to think," Vladimir said, "that the people who talked about character are not all that wrong." Character! Out of the mouths of babes and old Communist flacks—someone finally had used the c-word. ❐

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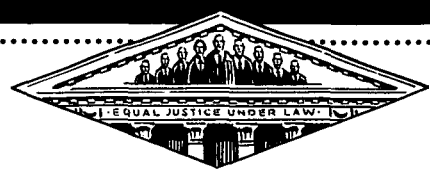

Lani Meets Her Quota

by Terry Eastland

Exactly one day after President Clinton announced Lani Guinier as his nominee to head the Justice Department's civil rights division, the *Wall Street Journal* published an op-ed sharply criticizing Guinier and, to a lesser extent, Norma Cantu, who earlier had been nominated as assistant secretary for civil rights in the Education Department. The piece, by lawyer Clinton Bolick of the Institute for Justice, was headlined: "Clinton's Quota Queens." This term was not actually in Bolick's piece, but it proved more important than his text. "Quota Queen" succeeded in publicly defining Guinier and in galvanizing Beltway politics that culminated, five weeks later, in Clinton's pulling her nomination. (Cantu, by the way, escaped scrutiny and survived.)

During those weeks, Guinier's views on voting rights, expressed in a series of recent law review articles, were disputed by not only conservative Republicans like Bolick but also moderate to liberal Democrats, including Senator David Boren, leaving her seemingly unconfirmable. Little was said about quotas in the affirmative-action contexts in which the term is typically used—university admissions and financial aid, appointments to public office, and public and private employment. But savvy politicians were aware that a confirmation hearing would bring quotas to the surface. As the *New York Times* reported after the nomination was pulled, a hearing "would have focused on affirmative action and race-based quotas, two notions Democrats in the Senate and the White House would like to avoid."

Clinton, if one is to trust his word, sent Guinier packing because he disagreed with some of her voting rights views, not because he believed she endorses quotas, which he routinely says he opposes. Indeed, in his public statement and then over dinner in the White House with private guests, including journalists, Clinton scorned the Bolick piece, together with its headline, and defended Guinier, a law professor at the University of Pennsylvania. "She has been subject to a vicious series of willful distortions on many issues, including the quota issue," he said.

Was Clinton right? That is, was Guinier really *not* a quota advocate? Guinier disagreed with Clinton's assessment of her voting rights views, but in effect she agreed with his defense of her on quotas. In a prepared statement at her press conference the day after her nomination was pulled, she told reporters that when her father matriculated at Harvard College in 1929, the school denied her father financial aid because another black student had already been awarded a full scholarship, and would not allow him to live in a campus dormitory because no black, except the relative of a United States senator, had ever resided there. "He was the victim of a racial quota, a quota of one," Guinier said. "I have never been in favor of quotas."

It is more accurate, however, to say she has never been in favor of the Harvard quota her father encountered—a quota nowhere today to be found at any public or publicly assisted private university and which, in any event, no one would favor. Guinier, in fact, has been on the record in favor of at least one thing that sure looks like a quota. In a 1989 article, Guinier suggested that in order to promote "diversity in the appointment process" the Senate Judiciary Committee "should begin evaluating federal judicial nominations with reference to specific goals for increasing non-white nominees" and should refuse to confirm any white nominee until a "sufficient number" of non-white nominations were made—"such as twenty or thirty." If this is not a quota, then will someone please advise what is?

Unfortunately, the reporters at Guinier's press conference did not ask her about the 1989 article. No doubt her response would have been akin to those heard for more than a decade now by her colleagues in the civil rights industry whenever they are accused of embracing quotas: she would have defined quota in such a narrow or unreal way (e.g., Harvard circa 1929) as to make it meaningless.

Guinier's writings do not treat affirmative action in admissions or employment—except to the extent that they bash the Reagan administration for non-enforcement of relevant laws. Still, in these writings Guinier does embrace the concept of "race-conscious" remedies. Even William Bradford Reynolds, Reagan's civil rights division chief, whom Guinier vilifies repeatedly in her work, accepted some degree of race-consciousness in developing remedies for job discrimination. The important issue is how much race-consciousness in employment cases she might have endorsed as a successor to Reynolds, and whether that race-consciousness would have expressed itself in numerical remedies for proven discrimination requiring preferential treatment on the basis of race—which is to say, goals or quotas.

Given her history and associations, I can only believe Guinier would have pursued numerical devices as head of the civil rights division. Other than the quota Guinier said her father encountered at Harvard, I can find no other quota or

Terry Eastland is executive editor of Forbes MediaGuide *and a fellow with the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington.*

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goal or racial preference that she has ever publicly opposed. And prior to becoming a law professor in 1988, she worked in offices that routinely advocated, or defended, quotas.

From 1977 to 1981, Guinier worked in the Carter civil rights division as a special assistant to Drew Days, Reynolds's immediate predecessor. In enforcing Title VII—the job discrimination statute—against public employers, the division routinely entered into consent decrees that required remedial hiring or promotion goals. Such goals, as Days said in a 1980 speech, are "a lawful and appropriate remedy to cure past discriminatory practices which excluded minorities and women from obtaining positions." As an example, in the spring of 1980, the civil rights division forced the police and fire departments of Nashville–Davidson County, Tennessee, to establish "annual and five-year hiring goals." By 1985, according to the Justice Department press release issued at the time, those localities were to seek "police and fire forces that are approximately 17 percent black—the black percentage of the labor force of the Nashville metropolitan area."

After leaving the Justice Department, Guinier worked as a voting rights litigator for the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund for almost eight years. As far as I have been able to determine, she did not participate in any of the Legal Defense and Educational Fund filings in admissions or employment cases during her time there. Still, the fund's record in that area is worth reporting. Again, so far as I have been able to determine, the NAACP's legal arm has never opposed a goal or quota litigated in the Supreme Court, and in the Supreme Court cases in which it has participated—taking those from the eighties as a useful sampling—it has vigorously defended every employment racial preference under review. It does not appear that the fund, which says it's opposed to quotas, has ever found a number—a quota—it can oppose in litigation. I'd say it's fair to conclude that the fund's "opposition" to quotas is never present-tensed, never in the real world in which the issue is joined.

In her 1989 article, Guinier composed a footnote that I think forecast how she would have proceeded in enforcing the civil rights laws. In it, she said the term "anti-discrimination" incorporates "a result-oriented inquiry, in which roughly equal outcomes, not merely an apparently fair process, are the goal." Roughly equal outcomes, whether pursued in order to remedy proven or stipulated discrimination, or merely to secure "diversity," require counting by race, a.k.a. goals or quotas. It is no wonder that Guinier, graduate of the Carter civil rights division and the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, was widely regarded as "the consensus civil rights choice" to be assistant attorney general for civil rights.

In withdrawing Guinier's nomination, Clinton made much of how his decision was dictated by "my center," not the political center. But what does Clinton really think about quotas or, if he prefers not to use the word, racial preferences, whether as a remedy for proven discrimination or a non-remedial device for promoting diversity? Where is his center on this rather large matter?

Al From and Will Marshall, both "new" Democrats, are deceived if they think the Guinier episode means the president has resolved the quota issue in their favor. ("We oppose quotas that create racial, gender, or ethnic preferences," the Democratic Leadership Council stated in 1991.) The most they can hope is that in sending Guinier back to Pennsylvania, Clinton has postponed having to decide between his stated commitment to diversity and his stated opposition to quotas, although he will be hard-pressed to postpone this decision, since at some point he'll have to fill the seat he originally saved for Guinier.

The DLC nightmare must surely be that on quotas Clinton is fooling himself, that he is more like Guinier than he knows. After all, his attorney general is Janet Reno, who endorsed minority business set-asides (another euphemism for quotas) in Dade County, and who vigorously championed Guinier's nomination; and his solicitor general is none other than Drew Days, supporter of "numerical goals" and Guinier's boss during the Carter years. Also, there is Clinton's education bill, which would revive the discredited practice of race-norming, a key element in the quota culture.

Of course, there is a DLC dream that is even more nightmarish: that on the quota issue Clinton is just like Guinier, as in fact he knows. Now *there* would be one for Counselor Gergen to explain. ❐

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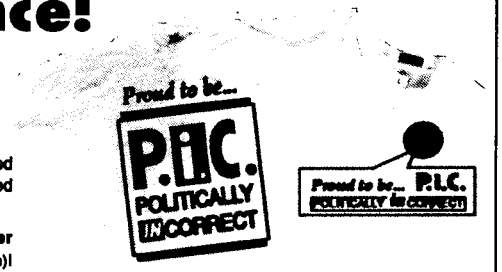

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The Summer of Our Discontent

by James Bowman

It is a particularly grouchy way to greet the season of children's movies, I agree, but I can't help noticing how the American entertainment industry so rarely produces anything *but* children's movies. Never is Hollywood more itself than in films like *Jurassic Park*, *Cliffhanger*, *Hot Shots! Part Deux*, *The Last Action Hero*, and the others that are released to coincide with school vacations. But their audience is quite obviously not limited to the kids. *Cliffhanger* is even rated "R" (for language). The truth is that the summer blockbusters are just the top of the line: there is more money, more hype, more marketing tie-ins, more high-tech effects, but in all artistically interesting ways they are the same as the rest of the year's product.

Anyone might think that America is culturally a nation of children. Our greatest director is Steven Spielberg because he makes children's movies better than anyone else. *Jurassic Park* is the latest example of his craft, and it shows that he has not lost his touch. I tremble for the man to think that his next project purports to be a real adult movie about the Holocaust, of all things. Such an idea requires a child's insane self-confidence—the sort of thing that makes him try to fly off the roof because he has seen Superman do it on TV. Why else should Spielberg imagine he'll be not only the first kiddie flick director but the first director of any sort to make an artistic success out of the Holocaust?

Perhaps he suffers from another kind of infantile fantasy—the sort that long ago seized Woody Allen with the desire to be Ingmar Bergman. Like Woody, Spielberg should stick to what he does best. And what he does best is the kiddie flick par excellence. *Jurassic Park* is by far the best of the summer blockbusters because it does exactly what it sets out to do. The combination of dinosaurs and an awesome theme park is in itself a beautifully high concept for a kids' movie. To it has been added a couple of cute dino babies and a couple of even cuter kids who have the most exciting adventures. One of them, a girl made fun of for being a computer nerd, saves the dinosaur-park human beings from extinction by hacking into the security system at a critical moment.

There is also a caricature villain (Wayne Knight), a cool, wise-cracking professor (Jeff Goldblum) and a handsome couple of the sort that every kid would want for a mom and dad (Sam Neill and Laura Dern). Just to make things perfect, Neill, a dinosaur expert, is dubious about having children until the aforementioned girl and boy can convince him by their irresistible charm of what every movie-goer—or at least every movie-maker—knows: that kids are great. Above all, there is the neat gross stuff. At feeding time in the dinosaur park, a large ox is consumed whole in seconds by a beast that remains scarily out of sight. A huge pile of dinosaur doo-doo can only be bettered by watching Laura Dern stick her arms into it up to the elbow: "You will remember to wash your hands before you eat?" asks the professor. Best of all is watching the wiggling legs of a victim sticking out of a dinosaur's mouth. One victim, a not very likable lawyer, is gobbled up while seated on the toilet. This seemed to be the biggest crowd pleaser.

But never let it be said that Spielberg is merely a maker of B-movie creature features. No, he also has worthy sentiments, moral ideas of a particularly high-toned kind that appeal to a child's sense of the mysterious and the elemental. As in a fairy tale or a Greek myth—or the *Frankenstein* story, with which *Jurassic Park* has been compared—there is here a clearly defined limit beyond which the *hubris* of man cannot go without incurring the *nemesis* of God's or nature's judgment. "Life finds a way," says the professor; "life breaks through" all man's feeble attempts to control it. The theme park's founder (Richard Attenborough) has overstepped the bounds and must be taught a lesson, but it is a lesson that the children understand as soon as they hear the nutty professor say that a "severe lack of humility before nature is being shown here; don't you see the danger of what you are doing?"

Of course children, like all students of fairy tales, *do* see it, but the obtuse adults, blinded by their typically grown-up lust for money ("We're going to make a fortune!" cackles the lawyer shortly before he is eaten), have missed it. Like all myth, such children's stories deserve a respected place in the culture, even though anyone not a child ought to be capable of recognizing that real life is a lot more complicated. But that is what Hollywood treats America as if it is not capable of recognizing. Ostensible grown-up films like *What's Love Got To Do With It* are as much wedded to currently fashionable mythic patterns as any children's movie. The myth in this life of Tina Turner is no less mythical for being based on Tina's own cleaned-up version of her real-life story. The myth is that of so many straightforwardly fictional movies these days which celebrate the "empowerment" of an abused, neglected, or unhappy woman whose self-realization depends on booting out the man who has messed up her life.

Sometimes, it is true, men do mess up women's lives. And the fact that Mrs. Turner claimed it happened to her doesn't

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mean it didn't happen this way. But she made her life a commercially viable property on the silver screen by cutting it to fit a pattern the constant reiteration of which amounts to a myth for our times. Maybe *the* myth. *What's Love Got To Do With It* is actually one of the best versions of this myth, and Laurence Fishburne as Ike and Angela Bassett as Tina Turner both turn in outstanding performances. But it never rises much further above the mythic level than *Jurassic Park* does. There is on offer a psychological explanation of Tina's long persistence in unhappiness (because she had been abandoned by her mother in childhood, she says, "I know what it's like to have your own blood walk out on you. I just can't walk out"), but we are never made to feel the force of this emotional tether on her, or any sympathy for poor old wife-beating, cocaine-sniffing Ike.

You will have realized by now that I am setting up for a real grown-up picture as Movie of the Month. Of course it is foreign. *Un Cœur en Hiver* (A Heart in Winter), by Claude Sautet, is the story of a violin maker called Stéphane (Daniel Auteuil) and his partner Maxime (André Dussollier) and the woman who comes between them. Camille (Emmanuelle Béart) is a brilliant young violinist for whom Maxime leaves his wife. But she decides that it is really Stéphane whom she loves. Maxime accepts this with a truly Gallic philosophicality until it becomes clear that Stéphane cannot return her love. He tells her that she is "talking of feelings that don't exist for me." This so upsets Camille that she makes an appalling scene in a restaurant, and Maxime, taking her part, strikes him. The partners then split up, Camille recovers from her infatuation, and Stéphane is left to reflect on what he has lost.

I remember hearing once an interview with an elderly bachelor who explained why he never married by saying that he would rather go through life wishing to have what he didn't have than wishing not to have what he did. You may say that that is a cynical view of marriage, but for a certain kind of wintry-hearted temperament the wear and tear upon one's emotional vulnerabilities that even the best of marriages involves can be endured only at the cost of alienating an essential part of themselves. The great British poet Philip Larkin continually harped on the same theme, acknowledging in his poem "Self's the Man," for instance, that he had chosen to live more selfishly than a friend who had married and found that he had no time to pursue his own interests:

But wait, not so fast:
Is there such a contrast?
He was out for his own ends
Not just pleasing his friends;

And if it was such a mistake
He still did it for his own sake,
Playing his own game.
So he and I are the same,

Only I'm a better hand
At knowing what I can stand
Without them sending a van—
Or I suppose I can.

That note of wistfulness at the end is typically Larkinian but also typical of the heart in winter. There is for such people a bittersweet poignancy to wishing for what they don't have as well as the terror of the prospect of wishing not to have what they do. In some sense they choose to live without love because the sacrifice of their desire is more delicious to them than its fulfillment would be. Being true to oneself and one's honest, unmediated, uncompromised understanding of the world is by its very nature not only to alienate others but also to celebrate one's own nobility. To those who fight it out in the trenches of the sex war, however, and who have continually to make compromises in order to keep any relationship at all, this nobility looks like either arrogance or cowardice, both of which Stéphane is accused of. With the infuriating sangfroid of the man who prides himself on his honesty, he acknowledges that there is justice in both charges.

But, of course, it's a lot more complicated than that. The problems of real life, unlike those of mythology, rarely lend themselves to simple moral solutions. Sautet allows us to see Stéphane's flaws not in any moralistic way but as the natural outgrowths of the person he has chosen to be. He *is* arrogant. You can see it in his easy, affectionate contempt for the smooth, shallow, charming but duplicitous Maxime, just as his cowardice is apparent in the denial of the feelings he quite obviously *does* have for Camille—feelings that he so effectively conjures away that he is not untruthful in saying that he can't feel them. It is as if he has shut them out of his inner fortress so effectively that even when he can hear them battering at the door he can confidently pronounce them to be still and forever excluded.

At the same time, we see again and again why the fortress has been built and the integrity with which it is maintained. There is a wonderful and heart-wrenching moment when the beautiful and hitherto icily self-contained Mlle. Béart falls so far victim to her passion that she descends to begging Stéphane for his love. It's all right, she says, she doesn't want to change him. He can go on living in his enclosed and exclusive world. Then, in the next breath, she tells him he should be less enclosed and that she can help him to relax! Love is full of such contradictions, which a man of Stéphane's honesty will not allow to compromise his self-possession. But his unwillingness to sacrifice honesty and integrity involves him in arrogance and cowardice and cruelty to Camille. Like the real world this emotional quandary is a lot harder to figure out than life reduced to mythic simplicities; it takes a truly grown-up temperament. Maybe in this jolly summer season we could all do with the exercise in maturity of the Heart in Winter. ❐

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POINT BLANK: GUNS IN AMERICA

Gary Kleck

Aldine de Gruyter (Hawthorne, N.Y.) / 527 pages / $59.95

THE SAMURAI, THE MOUNTIE AND THE COWBOY: SHOULD AMERICA ADOPT THE GUN CONTROLS OF OTHER DEMOCRACIES?

David B. Kopel

Prometheus Books / 442 pages / $28.95

reviewed by JEREMY A. RABKIN

I once attended a conference on gun-control policy. Most of the participants were earnest scholars, but a few were real gun enthusiasts. At one point, a law professor spoke of the gulf between gun control advocates and "pro-gun forces." He was interrupted by a woman who was clearly a gun enthusiast (proved by the gun-shaped ornament she wore around her neck). "You shouldn't call us pro-gun," she chided. "We are simply pro-choice on guns."

I thought it was a joke. But she didn't laugh. On reflection, I began to think she had a point. Most "choice" advocates in the abortion debate would probably reject the analogy with indignation. Guns are a threat to others, guns actually kill, whereas abortion . . . but it would be in poor taste to dwell on this point. Yet there are many parallels in these debates. Advocates of "choice" on abortion usually deplore emotional moralism and seek to focus attention instead on the practical difficulties of abortion restrictions, on the equity and enforcement problems they would raise, and on the challenge they would present to constitutional rights. On all of these grounds, the case against restrictions on guns is a good deal stronger than the case against restrictions on abortion. Two recent books on the problems of gun control document the "pro-choice" case for guns particularly well.

Gary Kleck begins his book with a "voluntary disclosure notice" affirming that he "is not now, nor has he ever been, a member of, or a contributor to, the National Rifle Association . . . nor has he received funding for research from any such organization." In fact, he is "a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, Amnesty International USA, and Common Cause, among other politically liberal organizations." Knowing the terms of the debate, Kleck has evidently concluded that one cannot gain a hearing without first displaying appropriate liberal credentials.

Kleck's book reads less like the work of a political liberal, however, than of an academic sociologist—which he also is (at Florida State University). The book is not light reading. But it displays an encyclopedic grasp of the social-science literature on guns and violence, which is by now quite vast: a list of published studies on the subject at the end of this book stretches to almost thirty pages of closely packed print, and Kleck seems to feel compelled to comment on the technical flaws and merits of almost every one of these studies. There are many disputed findings in this literature and much remaining uncertainty, but Kleck compiles impressively extensive evidence on several key points. Taken together, they confirm that in the gun-control debate, the "pro-choice" side really does have strong grounds to protest the simple-minded moralism of its opponents.

It is probably true, for example, that banning legal abortion will not prevent large-scale resort to illegal abortions. But it is certainly true that banning guns will not prevent people from obtaining ready access to guns in underground markets. Kleck shows that strict gun controls in cities like Washington and New York have had no demonstrable effect in constraining criminal use of guns. National controls are not likely to be much more effective when there are already some 200 million guns in private hands in this country. Though ammunition is not nearly so durable as guns, it is much easier to make illicitly, according to Kleck, so that even restrictions on ammunition sales are not likely to have much effect on criminal use of guns.

Similarly, abortion restrictions may drive many women to seek "back-alley abortions" posing serious, sometimes fatal, health hazards. But Kleck demonstrates that gun-control measures are also likely to cost lives. On the one hand, disarming the potential victims of crime may make criminals bolder. Kleck notes in this regard that in Canada and other countries where guns are much less widely held, burglars frequently go after houses even when the residents are at home: in America, where burglars know that homeowners may well be armed, burglars overwhelmingly seek empty houses. Kleck also notes evidence that a very large number of crimes are foiled when the would-be victims turn out to be armed. And surveys of convicted felons find that a solid majority agree that "a criminal is not going to mess around with a victim he knows is armed with a gun."

It is the would-be victims, of course, who are most likely to be disarmed by gun control measures, as criminals are not likely to pay as much attention to gun laws. Yet even if one assumes that gun-control measures will—somehow—also disarm violent criminals, the result may still be more loss of life. While gun wounds are more likely to be fatal than knife wounds, gun crimes less often result in any wound—whether as the result of greater

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caution around the more dangerous weapon or greater difficulties in aiming.

In the abortion debate, choice advocates insist that no one exercises this choice lightly. Kleck presents extensive evidence that gun owners are generally quite careful with their weapons. Gun accidents and suicides are trumpeted by control advocates, but Kleck shows that gun accidents are actually relatively rare and gun suicides are . . . well, not entered into lightly, either. It is true that guns are the most common and the most reliable instrument of suicide in the United States. But Kleck notes that the suicide rate in the United States is actually very much lower than in countries where guns are not available. And even in the United States, suicide rates are higher in communities where guns are less widely held. Kleck speculates that people who are more aware of nearby suicides, or more tempted by suicide themselves, are more fearful of gun ownership. But it may be that gun ownership is steadying to the nerves.

This sort of cultural speculation is the central concern of David Kopel's book, which is much more readable and in many ways much more fun than Kleck's. Kopel doesn't let himself get bogged down in statistical regressions. He is a lawyer who has worked in the American West, and has a good eye for the telling little fact that gives punch to a wider argument. But *The Samurai, the Mountie and the Cowboy* remains a well-researched, carefully argued book. And it shows clearly that access to guns is an old and fundamental tradition in America—in a way that abortion clearly is not.

Kopel traces the American fascination with guns to the founding experiences of the nation. He invokes the armed citizen militias fending off British regulars in the Revolution—an experience subsequently enshrined in the Second Amendment to the Constitution. He dwells on the westward pioneers, deploying their guns against dangerous animals, Indians, and cattle rustlers—experiences enshrined in Hollywood film. Along the way, Kopel offers a number of fun facts. For example, he notes that guns were America's first manufacturing export—and at one time the most important, for American guns were the first to be made with interchangeable, precision-tooled parts. American speech is still "loaded with gun metaphors" ("going off half-cocked," "high caliber," "bite the bullet," "straight shooter"—he lists over thirty such phrases whose origins are often forgotten).

"Vigilante justice," the bugaboo of contemporary gun-control advocates, was at one time considered an entirely honorable and necessary adjunct to the ponderous machinery of official justice: in 1890, Kopel reports, there were four U.S. senators and several state governors who boasted of their past service as "vigilantes," protecting their communities against outlaw depredations. Even in the wildest mining towns of the Old West, however, the murder rate was less than in contemporary Washington, D.C., with its strict gun-control laws. Robbery and other crimes were vastly less common in the Old West than in contemporary America. Rape was virtually unheard of and women walked freely through Dodge City and such towns, even at night, without fear of abusive language, let alone physical assault. Historically, an armed population was not seen as a threat to peace and order in America but quite the reverse.

Kopel's book is not simply a collection of historical curiosities. It demonstrates that America's gun culture reflects enduring aspects of its larger political culture. The point is brought out through contrasts with other countries, where civilian gun ownership has been largely suppressed. Kopel argues, with much persuasiveness, that tight governmental control on gun ownership in other countries has reflected the hierarchical, statist character of these societies, even as the prevalence of guns in America reflects its own individualistic and egalitarian culture. In Japan, the peasantry was systematically disarmed in the seventeenth century by a samurai elite that feared the leveling effects of guns on a society where rank was confirmed by elaborate rituals of sword use. Even today, while Japan is quite efficient in keeping guns away from civilians, its gun controls are only one part of a wide network of controls: local police constables monitor neighborhood doings, down to the dating patterns of teenage girls (and do not hesitate to warn the girls when their dating partners are regarded as unsuitable).

The states of continental Europe have long feared to allow their own peoples to have guns, and Kopel argues that this reflects a pattern dating to the efforts of modernizing princes to keep their subjects under control. Even in Britain, Canada, and Australia, with traditionally limited governments, gun ownership has been severely restricted in recent decades, and Kopel traces the ease with which such restrictions have been implemented to greater patterns of deference to state authority. Canada maintained order on the western frontier with "Mounties"—federal mounted police—and never developed anything like the citizen posses or vigilantes of the American West. Other countries do not have to contend with a political force like the National Rifle Association. But neither, Kopel stresses, do they have to contend with anything like the American Civil Liberties Union, and these two facts are closely related.

Kopel reinforces the point by showing that much of the momentum for gun control in twentieth-century America has been motivated by fear that guns would indeed be too equalizing—affording too much self-assurance to political radicals, immigrants in the northern cities, blacks in the South, and others feared by the majority. Kopel's book—sponsored by the libertarian Cato Institute—continually seeks to connect government controls with "repression."

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He may overdo it at times. For example, Kopel acknowledges that the extreme individualism of American society may be responsible for the extraordinarily high rate of violent crime in contemporary America (though he is quick to note that the pattern extends to violence with knives or other weapons as much as to gun crimes). Yet he seems to take it for granted that little can be done to enhance social controls without infringing constitutional liberties. In the end, he does make a compelling case that an effective campaign to disarm the American people would require levels of police surveillance and intervention beyond anything we have previously accepted.

In contrast to the abortion right proclaimed in *Roe* v. *Wade*, the right to bear arms is expressly guaranteed in the Bill of Rights. This has not led judges to question gun-control measures (even when couched as total prohibitions on private gun ownership). Contemporary judges prefer government guarantees of "privacy" and "autonomy" to the effective capacity for self-defense. But judicial decisions, after all, bear only a remote connection to national traditions or to the deeper currents of public sentiment. For all the Court's efforts to safeguard abortion, obstetricians have become increasingly reluctant to perform abortions or to be seen doing so. No one has reported any similar reticence at gun stores. ❐

AT THE HAND OF MAN: PERIL AND HOPE FOR AFRICA'S WILDLIFE

Raymond Bonner

Alfred A. Knopf / 322 pages / $24

reviewed by IKE C. SUGG

Raymond Bonner is the author of two award-winning—i.e., left-leaning—books on U.S. foreign policy. Now he has focused on Africa to uncover one of the most egregious environmental hoaxes of recent times—in a book that is not likely to win him any of those same awards. *At the Hand of Man* masterfully redirects concern for Africa's wildlife to Africa's people, using the elephant as a paradigm for describing what is wrong with the theory and practice of wildlife conservation in Africa today.

"I am a liberal," Bonner proclaims in the prologue. "I was a vegetarian for a period in the seventies . . . and have been opposed to commercial whaling and cutting down forests." So when Bonner went to Kenya to live and write in 1988, the slogan "Ban the Bloody Ivory Trade" was appealing. And, Bonner admits, "I joined the chorus." The rate at which poachers were killing African elephants for their ivory left him "sickened and furious. [It] had to be stopped, I shouted to myself, and to anyone else who would listen."

The West was listening. On June 5, 1989, President Bush unilaterally banned the importation of ivory into the United States. June 5 happened to be World Environment Day, and Bush wanted to throw a bone to the environmental establishment, to deflect criticism of his handling of the *Exxon Valdez* oil spill and to make good on his campaign promise to be "the environmental president." Banning ivory imports was, as one administration official put it, a "low cost" action. Africans do not vote in U.S. elections; ivory is a luxury good with no organized economic constituency; and the African elephant is perhaps the most beloved of all wild animals. By the end of 1989, the "Bloody Ivory Trade" was banned worldwide.

But Bonner grew alarmed as the movement's activists descended into zealotry. Leading the chorus were the animal rights activists. "In the debate over the ivory ban," writes Bonner, "they accorded rights to elephants, but ignored the rights of people." So did Richard Leakey, who as director of Kenya's wildlife department ordered a shoot-on-sight policy. Throughout his first year in office one poacher was shot to death every four days. "Soon," Leakey boasted, "the press will not be asking permission to film dead elephants but only to film dead poachers."

Of course, when the government usurps control over wildlife that people have considered their own for millennia, those who hunt the King's game become, *ipso facto*, "poachers." As Garth Owen-Smith (one of the few white conservationists in Africa Bonner applauds) suggests, "Somebody ought to do a profile of the guys who have been shot. He's an average normal guy, a poor farmer who is trying to feed his family."

The stories Bonner tells are enough to make even the most jaded critic of environmental politics wince. Only a few months before the African Wildlife Foundation (AWF) began its infamous "Don't Buy Ivory" crusade, its vice-president was still wearing ivory bracelets herself, and said that calling for an international ban was an extreme position to take. "We felt that it would be arrogant and inappropriate for outsiders to tell Africa what to do about a natural resource of theirs." *Theirs* implies ownership; *resource* implies use. That sentiment notwithstanding, writes Bonner, they "went right ahead and told them."

AWF placed a full-page ad in the *New York Times*, with the headline: "Today, in America, Someone Will Slaughter an Elephant for a Bracelet." Other AWF ads featured a woman wearing an ivory necklace ("Dressed to Kill"), and another with ivory bracelets ("Accessories to Murder").

"We just wanted to educate people, nothing more," said AWF's vice-president. In fact, Bonner says, the campaign was designed to do two things: to shock and to raise money. While Africans lost the rights to—and use of—"their" elephants that year, AWF nearly doubled its membership.

But AWF was not the only profiteer, nor was it calling all the shots. "Every conservationist at [the World Wildlife Fund–U.S.] who knew anything about Africa was opposed to the ban," reports Bonner—and so were a majority of

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conservationists in Africa. Even senior officers at WWF–U.S. wrote in 1988 that the elephant was not yet endangered. And because much of the revenue from African ivory exports went to finance conservation programs, the trade ban wound up exacerbating wildlife problems. But that didn't stop more politically minded activists at WWF–U.S. from threatening the World Conservation Union and other legitimate groups with public denunciations if they didn't go along with the ban.

The conflict is one between preservation on the one hand and conservation (also called "sustainable utilization") on the other. In arguing for the latter, Bonner points out that wildlife is not worth much effort to save if it cannot be used by Man. The problem is that the wildlife groups lack the guts to make that argument. "It would take moral courage," Bonner says, "to come up with a slogan like 'Buy Ivory, Save Elephants,' which is what sustainable utilization is all about."

As a 1988 WWF memorandum explained, "Although we support sustainable wildlife utilization projects, these concepts are not understood by the vast majority of the 450,000 WWF-U.S. members. . . . Most of these members are more traditionally oriented towards species 'preservation.'" According to William Reilly, then–WWF president and later Bush's EPA administrator, "Based on our survey research in this country, there is a major problem with any policy that condones killing elephants."

"If explaining these concepts meant losing members," Bonner writes, "at least the organizations would be true to their conservation principles. Instead they sacrificed their principles—and abandoned most Africans as well." The ban deprived Africans of $50 million in revenue from the sale of ivory. Most rural-dwelling Africans live on $200-400 per year, per household—quite often with eight people per household. Before the ban, sustainable utilization programs were doubling incomes for many Zimbabweans. And while some countries' elephant populations were declining, Zimbabwe's herd had more than doubled. Botswana and South Africa experienced similar successes. By giving their citizens an economic stake in their valuable wildlife resources, these governments found that people would conserve them.

But the West wants to *preserve*

CRITICAL REVIEW

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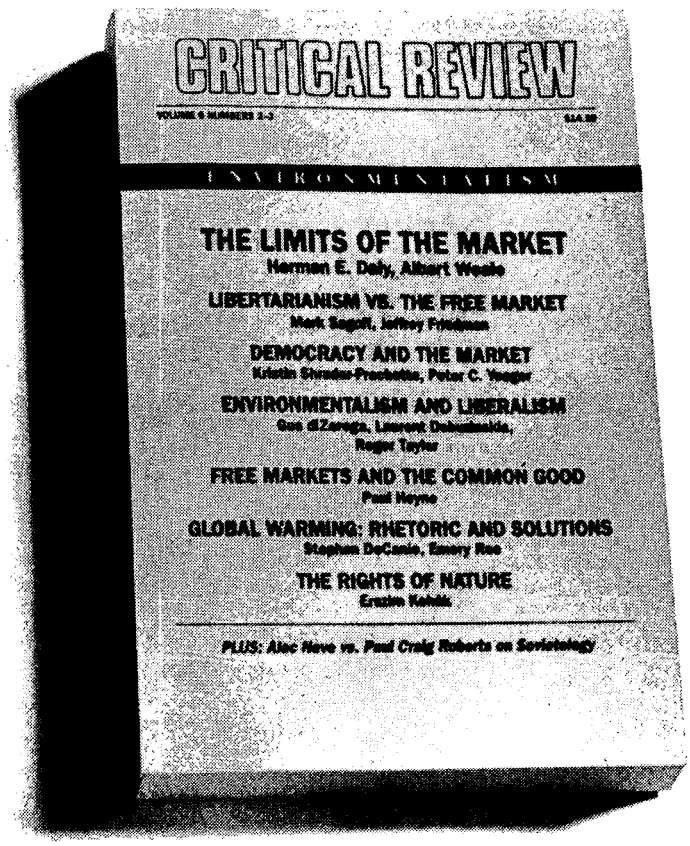
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Africa's wildlife, which means that it doesn't want Africans to profit from its existence. "As many Africans see it," Bonner explains, "white people are making rules to protect animals that white people want to see in parks that white people visit." Over the years, millions of Africans have been evicted from their ancestral homes to make way for wildlife parks. The environmental establishment tells us that elephants are a "priceless heritage" to be preserved for "our children's children." But as Bonner asks, "Whose heritage is it?" And *whose* children's children?

Bonner's plea is a simple one: Put people first. Give people a reason to care for the wildlife that has been taken from them. Let them make money from wildlife—turn what heretofore have been liabilities into assets. "This will provide a powerful incentive against poaching," Bonner writes. "People are not likely to rob their own bank, and will report those who do."

Whatever hope he may see, Bonner's tale is a sad one, and he weaves it through his book with verve and purpose. The story of conservationism in Africa, after all, is a story of Africans divorced from the land and the wildlife on it—a story, in short, of colonialism. ❐

FROM YALE TO JAIL: THE LIFE STORY OF A MORAL DISSENTER

David Dellinger

Pantheon / 501 pages / $27.50

reviewed by FRANCIS X. ROCCA

Benjamin Franklin was his great-uncle, Calvin Coolidge a family friend. At Yale, he argued politics with Walt Rostow and McGeorge Bundy, later his opponents in a more public debate over the Vietnam war. During the Paris Peace Talks (where he served as an intermediary sympathetic to the enemy), he heard his father praised by U.S. negotiator Henry Cabot Lodge. While on trial as one of the Chicago Seven, he had Dustin Hoffman baby-sit his teenage daughter. Now 78, he lives in Vermont, wears love beads, and has a grandson named Shenandoah Sundance.

Is this the story of yet another limousine leftie? David Dellinger hasn't spent much time in limousines—in the only instance that he mentions, it was Martin Luther King's idea and Dellinger was embarrassed. But he has spent lots of time behind bars.

In 1940, Dellinger, although exempt as a divinity student from military service, went to federal prison rather than register for the draft. When he refused to sit in the white section of the segregated dining hall, he was placed in solitary confinement. Then, possibly because he would not answer to his number instead of his name, he ended up in an unlit dungeon called the Hole. His first stay in prison lasted a year and a day.

In 1943, still resisting the draft, he was arrested after a peace march and sentenced to two more years. A sympathetic judge wanted to put him in the relatively comfortable prison farm, outside the main walls, but Dellinger would not take a spot "that could be filled by a needy long-timer." He joined a hunger strike to abolish the Hole and the censorship of prisoners' mail, and did not eat solid food for sixty-five days. To get him to eat, his jailers offered him steak dinners, then falsely told him that his wife was dying of complications in pregnancy and calling for him to give up. It didn't work.

The strike ended in partial success, but the next day Dellinger was put in a dormitory with "military prisoners from the South, white of course, who had committed violent crimes," and was introduced to them as a "nigger-lover" and a "Nazi." He held them off with a blast of profanity, calling for solidarity against the "motherf---ing hacks," but it wasn't until he made prison Ping-Pong champ that he won his dorm-mates over.

The stories of prison redeem this overlong, sometimes self-indulgent memoir, not only because they are the most dramatic, but also because they demonstrate what is most admirable in the author: his willingness, in the tradition of Thoreau and Gandhi, to give up his freedom and even his life for what he believes. Especially nowadays, when we have a president who tells us that fooling the draft board is an act of conscience, this is something strikingly rare.

Dellinger believes in "total brotherhood" and "full social and economic equality" pursued by "nonviolent war." The "nonviolent" part is essential—he resisted Tom Hayden's calls for "blood" at the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago, and repudiated the Weathermen for their Days of Rage—but so is the "war": Martin Luther King gets a drubbing because he toned down the March on Washington to please the Kennedys; so do all non-confrontational "peace bureaucrats," for acting as if the U.S. were basically a just society and not rotten to the core. All establishment politicians—even Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern, and Ron Dellums—are beyond the progressive pale. The only people who have kept the faith, it seems, are Dellinger and some of his intimates, most of whom you've probably never heard of.

It is a hard faith to know, much less to keep, its doctrines vague and eclectic.

Francis X. Rocca is a writer living in New Haven.

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Dellinger points to Tolstoy, Jesus, Jung, St. Francis of Assisi, Gandhi, and Shelley as some of his influences, but accepts none as an authority. No party or sect can claim his allegiance, certainly not Communism. Unlike so many intellectuals and political leaders of this century, on the left and the right, he was repelled by it from his first serious encounter in college:

> I couldn't believe that armed struggle, with the bloodshed and hatred it would generate, was the way to build a better world. And, equally important to me, as I grew to know Communists, I found that often their attitudes ran counter to my beliefs that people who wanted to create a better world should live *now* as much as possible in the kind of human relationships they were supposedly working for instead of waiting until "after the revolution" to start doing so.

Yet he has always tolerated Party members in the civil rights and peace movements to which he has belonged, reasoning that they "will be heeded when they talk sense and ignored when they do not," and that when the Party line conflicts with the values of the movement, the Communists will just have to choose between them.

Dellinger's invincible belief in the goodness of human nature—except when spoiled by the wrong social conditions, and even then curable with simple love and understanding—explains his naïveté in dealing with less principled members of the American left. Harder to understand is his reluctance to condemn Moscow and Peking, except under the blanket of anti-militarism. He considers it appropriate and sufficient, when the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia coincides with the protests in Chicago, to add a sign reading, "Welcome to Prague, U.S.A." When it comes to the client states of the Communist superpowers, even such equations are too harsh for him; he clearly prefers the dictatorships. There are problems in Castro's Cuba, he concedes after a visit in 1964, "the persistence of sexist stereotypes" for instance. Of course, "things like that take time."

Dellinger is a hard man to dislike, since he writes generously about adversaries as well as allies, and his analysis of his privileged upbringing in Wakefield, Massachusetts, is illuminated by affection for his family and neighbors. One's liking for Dellinger is nonetheless tested when it comes to Vietnam. His eccentric refusal to fight Hitler, whom he thoroughly opposed but wanted the Germans to overthrow nonviolently, seems quixotic now. But his idiocy a quarter-century after that, while a leader of the powerful anti-war movement, is a graver matter.

A man who distrusts everything his own government tells him, and who imagines himself surrounded by FBI agents at home, he goes to North Vietnam in 1965 and lets the government there play him like a protest singer's harmonica. Taken to a bombed Hanoi suburb, he listens to a "twenty-year-old girl" without suspecting that her words might have been scripted by a propagandist:

> "Ask your President Johnson," she said to me, "if our straw huts were made of concrete and steel. Ask him if our Catholic church that they destroyed was a military target, with its 36 pictures of the virgin, whom we revere. Tell him that we will continue our life and struggle, no matter what future bombings there will be, because we know that without independence and freedom nothing is worthwhile."

If he has any reservations at all about the rightness of their cause, his meeting with Ho Chi Minh—"a gentle, elderly man with a humble demeanor"—wipes them away:

> I knew that Ho and I were members of the same Beloved Community, regardless . . . of the different situations in which we worked and the specific demands that those situations had made on us. His interpretation of the demands made on him was to organize a violent defense of his country, and my interpretation of mine was to work nonviolently against my country's attempt to subjugate his country and his people.

Dellinger does raise the matter of American POWs, but accepts Ho's assurances that they are being well fed and cared for, and will return home "better informed and better citizens of their own community."

The saddest thing is not that Dellinger was fooled, but that he abandoned the principle of nonviolence by which he had lived for so long and with so much hardship. What years of starvation, beatings, and even Hitler could not make him do, the blandishments of Uncle Ho could within minutes. The thrill of meeting with a foreign leader, then coming home with a few released POWs, corrupted him as surely as power corrupted any politician.

The book is up to date, with references to the Gulf War, the L.A. riots, and Bill Clinton, yet the Boat People are entirely invisible; Dellinger admits to no second thoughts about his conviction that all Vietnamese, aside from the "puppet government" in Saigon and the corrupt elite around it, wanted the U.S. out. In someone who examines his conscience relentlessly, worrying that he spent too little time with the kids or that he violated a fast by taking honey and lemon in his water, this is an outstanding blind spot—and a reminder that the most scrupulous and uncompromising among us are as vulnerable to self-deception as anyone, perhaps even more so. ❐

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SISTER AIMEE:
THE LIFE OF AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON

Daniel Mark Epstein

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich / 475 pages / $27.95

reviewed by HUGH HEWITT

Los Angeles is home to more than 7,000 churches. One of them represents more than the quiet accumulation of prayers and the steady, unglamorous work of saving souls. The Angelus Temple is the enduring monument to a remarkable life, now captured in a remarkable book. A century after her birth in a farmhouse outside Salford, Ontario, in October 1890, the Foursquare Gospel Church she founded consists of 25,577 churches spread over seventy-four countries. As Daniel Mark Epstein shows, of all the personalities and movements thrown up by American culture during the twenties and the Depression years, none left a more enduring legacy than Aimee Semple McPherson.

She should not have survived her twenty-first birthday. Her first husband, Robert Semple, had taken her off to do missionary work in China, only to die of malaria in Hong Kong in August of 1910. Aimee was eight months pregnant, marooned, and recovering from malaria and dysentery herself. She made her way back to New York, married accountant Harold McPherson, and for three years struggled to adjust to an ordinary life. A scrape with death on the operating table, another close encounter with God, and she left her husband to return to her real work.

Even as a toddler, Aimee had been an evangelist, working street corners for the Salvation Army with her mother, Minnie. Before Aimee was conceived, Minnie had prayed for a baby girl, and offered to dedicate that child to God's service. A "conversion experience" at 17—carefully reconstructed and examined by Epstein—led Aimee into Robert Semple's close company and missionary work. After his death and her remarriage, Aimee tried to set aside her evangelistic urge, but felt pursued, hounded even, by the inner voice. When in 1915 she abandoned the home she shared with Harold McPherson, it was not because their marriage was an ordeal; Harold would join her on the evangelical circuit for a time before filing for divorce in 1919. She broke from domestic routine, rather, because of a drive over which she had no control. The divorce would later interest the scandal sheets, and Aimee was aware of its impact on her reputation, but the need to preach overwhelmed any concern for public relations.

From 1916 on, her life was chaotic and spectacular. With Minnie, she set out with a tent and little else to preach the Gospel. She barnstormed. And the crowds grew exponentially: "The thirty revivals Sister Aimee conducted from mid-1919 until mid-1922," Epstein writes, "had a mass appeal unequaled by any touring phenomenon of theater or politics in American history. Neither Houdini nor Teddy Roosevelt had such an audience, nor P.T. Barnum."

The draw was her healing power. McPherson herself had experienced a divine healing of broken bones in 1909. Her Pentecostalist view of the Gospels embraced the idea that such healing was as available in the twentieth century as it had been in the first. And here Epstein takes a courageous course for a late-twentieth-century author: Rather than skip over the evidence of a huge number of healings, or to surround that testimony with the comfortable disclaimers that eighty years' distance could easily have provided, he grapples with the records of those events, and shows no inclination to doubt McPherson:

> The power of healing, which Aimee exercised with reluctance and spectacular results, presents an overwhelming problem to historians who largely ignore it. . . . It would be convenient if we could find some evidence that Sister Aimee's miraculous healings were faked for the benefit of publicity; but there is no such evidence. Alas, the documentation is overwhelming: very sick people came to Sister Aimee by the tens of thousands, blind, deaf, paralyzed. Many were healed, some temporarily, some forever. She would point to heaven, to Christ, the Great Healer, and would take no credit for the result. She did not actively pursue a healing ministry, as did Oral Roberts; she did not relish it.

It is a part of the art of Epstein's book that he conveys the burden of a healing-ministry on the healer: the exhaustion of the schedule, and the weight of the hopes of thousands of desperate people pushing through police barriers and against doors barred by fire marshals.

She would go wherever she was asked, and preach to all, regardless of race and class, developing extraordinary followings among black sharecroppers in the South, the upper crust in the northeast, and the country's gypsies nationwide. In 1922, one group, the Ku Klux Klan, believing that this young, white Pentecostalist represented the best of American womanhood,went so far as to abduct her in order to produce her before a huge gathering of masked Klansmen in Denver. But when her blindfold was removed, and flowers presented, Aimee requested permission to address the throng of white-robed and hooded men:

> In silence except for the sound of their breathing, the men listened as their guest delivered a brief and devastating sermon upon the text of Matthew 27: the story of Barabbas, the man who thought he would never be found out.
>
> "Coming here in the car tonight, I thanked God that I was not a transgressor and had no need to be afraid. How many of you," she asked, her dark eyes seeming to penetrate the hooded faces into their souls, "are living lives that would stand the full light of day?"

A mere performer would have played to the crowd. A seasoned politician could

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have walked a line between embrace and rebuke. Only an utterly confident evangelist could have issued such a challenge.

Worn down by the road, McPherson settled on Los Angeles as the home of her ministry. Beginning with almost no capital, she oversaw the construction of Angelus Temple in Echo Park in two years. When the Temple opened in January of 1923, McPherson's ministry became a kind of religious theater. Her admirers thronged the Temple for its illustrated sermons, not only for her preaching, but also for her stage sense. Hollywood's elite was drawn there, often incognito. One patron, the relentlessly skeptical Charlie Chaplin, was stunned to have McPherson return the favor by showing up at his Marseilles doorfront. Epstein's portrait of the two performers strolling that city's waterfront captures the preacher's combination of idiosyncratic method and overwhelming desire to reach the unchurched.

Some will recall her famous "kidnapping," when she disappeared on May 18, 1926, and was feared drowned, only to walk back into public life in the desert outside Agua Prieta, Mexico, a month later. On news of her disappearance, the mourning was intense. "Such a deep and universal expression of grief had not been seen since the assassination of Lincoln," Epstein writes. The 10,000 members of the Angelus Temple and its branch churches went to the shore where she had been swimming to pray, and the nation's papers went into overtime.

When she returned on June 23, she brought back an incredible story: she had been abducted at the beach and held by the trio of Jake, Steve, and Mexicali Rose. Left alone one afternoon, she cut her bonds, climbed through a window, and walked for seventeen hours through the desert.

But she did not look dehydrated. And a thorough effort to find the shack where she said she had been held failed to turn up even a hovel. A competing explanation emerged: Aimee had had a month-long tryst with a church-radio employee. L.A. district attorney Asa Keyes grew suspicious and impaneled a grand jury. On September 16 arrest warrants for corruption of public morals, obstruction of justice, and conspiracy to manufacture evidence were issued for Aimee, her alleged lover Kenneth Ormiston, her mother, and Lorraine Wiseman—who for a time would claim that Aimee's kidnapping had been a fraud.

Epstein moves briskly through the legal and journalistic jungle of a six-month bonanza of headlines and countercharges, and does not allow the episode to overwhelm the life. The DA's case dissolved as his critical witness shifted stories repeatedly, and withdrew her claim that she'd been hired by Aimee to perpetrate a hoax. But when charges were dismissed in January 1927, there was no set of findings, no central conclusion, and no verdict. Aimee's "kidnapping" would become and remain a

symbol of her turbulent career. Epstein's summary refuses a guess at the truth, but is satisfied with a retelling of other experts' conclusions:

> That Aimee herself believed in the kidnapping, as poetry or history, we are in no position to question. It had become an article of faith, with all its eccentricities and inconsistencies. Everyone who has studied the case, from its shocking beginning to its pathetic end, has remarked on this significant fact: Aimee's kidnapping story, with its goofy characters Rose, Steve, and Jake, and its melodramatic plot, *is the only story that did not change.*

The kidnapping was only one bizarre episode among many. From its opening, the Temple was engulfed in lawsuits, while financial intrigues and McPherson's chaotic personal life provided "a feast of scandal." But McPherson's celebrity and her unorthodox methods have obscured her Temple's day-to-day workings. Epstein unearths that record, from her instant response to the devastating Santa Barbara earthquake of 1925 to the Temple's outreach during the Depression. McPherson pioneered religious broadcasting, launching the Sunshine Hour on KFSG in early 1924. The Angelus Bible Institute she founded continues to train evangelists to this day, now drawing largely on the Los Angeles Latino population. The Temple's commissary remains open, serving meals to the city's destitute. "She literally kept most of the Mexican community alive for years," recalled actor Anthony Quinn, who became a follower of McPherson as a young boy.

Her last major tour, launched in September of 1933, covered 15,000 miles and forty-six cities in twenty-one states. Her 300-plus sermons had a live audience of more than two million, not including her radio hook-up. Even after her revivals dwindled, she traveled constantly, and brought her followers first-hand accounts of the world, including a fierce denunciation of Hitler and Mussolini, delivered early for an American (in 1935). Controversy was her constant companion, and, increasingly, poor health. She died at age 53 in 1944, but the Temple and her denomination survived and prospered.

This marvelous book will work for a while to rebuke amateurs who want their history drained of religious conviction. Epstein has brought Sister Aimee back to life at an interesting time. A reader of this book who resides in Southern California must conclude that what Los Angeles needs most now is not a tax cut, or more police, or a public-private partnership to build electric cars, or enterprise zones. What the city and its neighbors could really use is another Sister Aimee and another grand revival. ❐

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STRANGE BEDFELLOWS: HOW TELEVISION AND THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES CHANGED AMERICAN POLITICS, 1992

Tom Rosenstiel

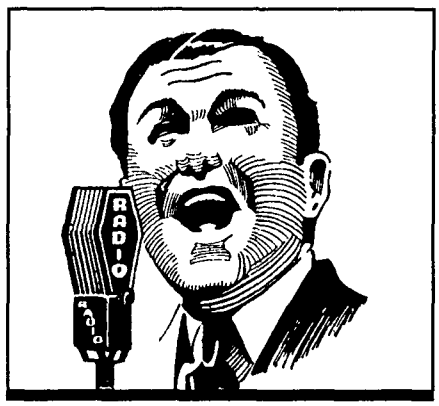
Hyperion / 368 pages / $24.95

reviewed by FRED BARNES

Of all the mysteries left behind by the 1992 presidential race, one in particular continues to vex me: Why did George Bush give up on the tax-cutting economic plan that he trumpeted in the early days of the fall campaign? It was a great plan, Kemp-like in its emphasis on tax cuts and its bias against government intervention. Okay, it had a lumbering name, the Agenda for Economic Renewal, but that was about the only thing wrong with it. The plan led the network news shows the evening it was announced. Bush also summarized it crisply in a five-minute TV commercial later that night. The ad alarmed the Clinton campaign. Focus groups assembled by Clinton's pollsters found it the most effective Bush commercial of the campaign. Then, in a matter of days, the plan, the ad, and Bush's chances of winning re-election vanished. What happened?

Tom Rosenstiel, the wise and iconoclastic media reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, has the answer in this trenchant, breezy book about TV coverage of the Bush-Clinton-Perot race. I should have guessed: one cause was the fecklessness of Bush campaign officials—especially White House chief of staff James Baker and Bush-Quayle chairman Bob Teeter. Bush operatives found in *their* focus groups that voters weren't initially receptive to hearing about any Bush economic scheme. Baker, who'd been dodging the press for weeks, refused to go on a Sunday talk show to plug the plan. Bush himself was easily distracted from single-minded focus on it. But another problem was the press: TV honchos had decided that stump speeches—what the candidates actually said each day—were now inconsequential and should rarely be covered. Bush's follow-up speeches on his plan were ignored by the networks.

Bush could have stuck to his campaign strategy, spotlighted the plan relentlessly, and pressured TV to cover it. But he didn't. Within a week, Bush quietly surrendered, and the Agenda for Economic Renewal slipped into the memory hole. And the race was all but



over—in mid-September. "All Bush had to do was to make his economic plan a priority, to flog it night after night, and demonstrate to reporters and the public alike that he believed in it," Rosenstiel argues. The press would have come around.

That episode neatly encapsulates the campaign. "However turned off the voters were to Bush—and however difficult the press's new approach made his task—the President could never have convinced Americans that his Agenda was meaningful if he was so ambivalent about selling it," writes Rosenstiel. Too true. To put Rosenstiel's point another way, Bush was the biggest contributor to his own defeat, but the press sure helped.

Rosenstiel has a subtle understanding of the media's role. Sure, there's some liberal bias, and he lists a number of prominent journalists who tilted heavily in Clinton's favor. (Some still do.) But liberal bias wasn't a controlling factor, he argues. What worked against Bush was the way television covered the campaign. TV executives thought coverage in 1988 had been terrible—partly because it aided Bush, but partly because the daily grind of campaign rhetoric makes for boring television—and they wanted 1992 to be different. It sure was. "The networks' move away from daily stunts suited Clinton's cautious campaign plan by easing the pressure on him to do something new and bold each day," Rosenstiel writes. "The emphasis on voters rather than candidates, in turn, kept reinforcing how unhappy people were." Advantage Clinton.

That's not all. At ABC, the most popular network for news, policy issues were treated not as daily stories, but as items on an occasional "World News Tonight" feature called "American Agenda." According to Rosenstiel:

> It didn't matter that Clinton's serious speeches weren't being covered as campaign events. His policy positions were being covered in the Agenda pieces on ABC, and usually at greater length and [with a] less attack-oriented approach.
>
> The structure of the Agenda series—indeed the grammar of journalism about public policy in general—also created a natural advantage for Clinton. All of the pieces concerned domestic policy, Clinton's strength. Clinton always had more policy proposals on the table than Bush—a function of his progovernment rather than promarketplace approach.

Then there was the increased importance of what Rosenstiel calls "the popular culture media," including gawk shows like "Oprah" and "Donahue." Clinton adopted a strategy, devised by media consultant Mandy Grunwald, of appearing on these shows. And why not? "Clinton was good at it," says Rosenstiel. "And Bush was not." That's an understatement. I'd say Clinton's best performance of the campaign was his appearance on MTV, a town hall meeting of

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heavy metal junkies. Bush couldn't match it.

What's fresh about Rosenstiel's book is the point of view. While he treats the campaign chronologically, he comes at it from a new angle: behind the scenes as coverage is plotted and carried out by the TV networks. And he's willing to go against the grain on many political subjects. For example, he challenges the notion that television has fundamentally changed American politics. Only the style has changed, he suggests. He rebuts the theory that newspaper and magazine reporters ("printheads" in TV journalists' jargon) have become dinosaurs in presidential races. They have a big role in the "invisible primary," i.e., the period before the first real contest in Iowa or New Hampshire, when a frontrunner is anointed. "The invisible anointment of Clinton in the media preprimary [took place] entirely in print," Rosenstiel insists. "In these early stages of presidential campaigns, the network nightly news programs are largely irrelevant."

Rosenstiel also defends national party conventions against "the prevailing view that conventions have become unimportant because they no longer really nominate candidates." On the contrary, "conventions have become the most important events in modern campaigns." They are largely unfiltered by the press, he says. Parties and candidates have a chance to offer their vision, "not chopped up into bits by the media or leavened through the theatrical confrontational format of debates." On this one, I part company a bit with Rosenstiel. Conventions are important, but media spin can powerfully affect how the public perceives them. The press said, wrongly, that the 1992 GOP convention veered to the right. The public believed that.

I have one more quibble. Rosenstiel makes a passing reference to coverage of the economy in 1992, saying the press "mostly reflected the prevailing economic view." He defends media skepticism about rosy gross domestic product figures released a week before election day. "For all the press's many sins in 1992, skeptical reporting of the GDP figures a week before the election wasn't one of them." Yes, it was. It was part of the media's year-long distortion of what was happening in the real economy, namely rapid improvement. The press, TV included, claimed the economy was in the pits. This was the result of either bias, faulty economic understanding, or sheer dunderheadedness. All are sins.

My suspicion is that Rosenstiel's will be the hot book on last year's campaign. Of course, I haven't read the others yet, because they're not out. But Rosenstiel has set a very high standard. ❐

PACK MY BAG: A SELF-PORTRAIT

Henry Green

New Directions / 242 pages / $18.95

SURVIVING: THE UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS OF HENRY GREEN

Henry Green

Viking / 302 pages / $24

reviewed by RICHARD LAMB

On receiving the 20-year-old Henry Vincent Yorke—a.k.a. Henry Green—in the early 1920s, Edward Garnett, celebrated for his abilities as a literary talent scout and his eccentricity of manner, asked "How did you come to write anything so good?"

A better question today is: How did Green—whose technique is unsurpassed by any writer of his celebrated generation—get so obscure? What lasting fame he has received has been as a fringe member of that Oxford set of the early twenties that included Evelyn Waugh, Anthony Powell, Harold Acton, and Cyril Connolly. Thanks to the tireless Brideshead industry, the outlines of his story—Etonian who worked in his father's factory, then ran it—have been widely disseminated, and there is a familiar photograph of him showing a boy of pallid Lugosian handsomeness, at once callow and enigmatic; English, and not English at all, like his writing. His novels have been periodically reissued by Penguin, and John Updike has championed them.

Six of Green's novels have just been reissued again by Penguin, in two volumes with lichen-pale spines. The best is probably *Loving*, set in a large Irish country house—owned by a Mrs. Tennant and staffed by English servants—during World War II. The butler dies by page five, and the saturnine head footman Charlie Raunce takes his place. Raunce lusts after Edith, the underhousemaid, fiddles the books, yells at his "yellow pantry boy" Albert, not to be confused with the cook's nephew Albert, though of course he is. Mrs. Tennant loses a valuable ring. Her daughter-in-law is found in bed with a neighbor. Edith finds the ring and hides it. Cook's Albert finds it and takes it. An insurance investigator comes. A peacock is killed. There is pilfering from the pantry. All of these events reverberate through the house, experienced with distant concern by the well-named Tennants and with vivid immediacy by the servants. The war looms. There is none of the epigram-

(continued on page 82)

Richard Lamb is a writer living in New York.

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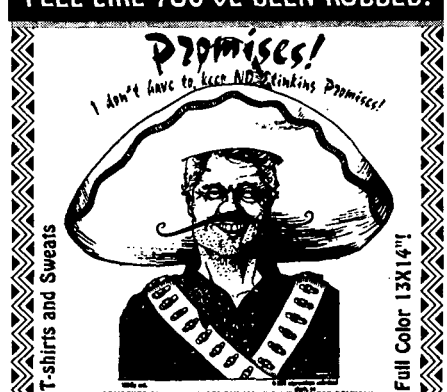

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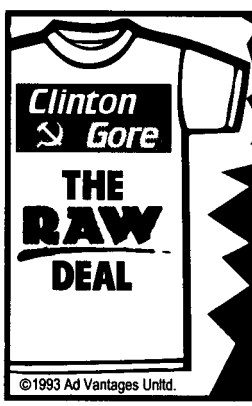

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CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 10)

soldiers who provided lovely flowers and effete stuff while men were dying and decomposing in the Burma campaign. War is the essence of stupidity and hell but cannot or must not be assuaged in battle by flowers, tea, and teacups on the part of those participating. —*Robert Fairbank*
Tucson, Arizona

If I was a kind individual I would characterize "Club El Malaria" as a highly embellished nostalgic tale. Since I am a curmudgeon, I'll simply say it sounded like a bunch of B.S. to me. —*Edward J. Makara*
Seattle, Washington

Good Copt, Bad Copt

I thoroughly enjoyed Edward Norden's article on the Copts in the United States ("America's Oldest (and Newest) Christians," *TAS*, June 1993). I think anyone that knows that steadfastly pious and hard-working people would agree that their emigration from Egypt to the United States is America's gain and Egypt's loss.

Two minor quibbles: The Coptic Orthodox Patriarchate's "Vatican-like headquarters" is located in Cairo's Ezbekiyya section, not in Alexandria (although the Coptic Pope is called Patriarch of Alexandria and the See of St. Mark, his headquarters has been located in the Egyptian capital for the last several hundred years).

Also, calling Muslim Fundamentalist leader Omar Abdelrahman "Sheikh Rahman" is like calling Mr. Norden "Mr. Den"; Abdelrahman (literally, "slave or servant of the Merciful") is a construct of several words in Arabic but really should be treated as one word in English. "Abdel" is not the Sheikh's middle name but the first part of his last name.

—*Alberto M. Fernandez*
Burke, Virginia

Pro Bono

I write to take exception to "Keep on Truckin'," Terry Eastland's Presswatch column in the May issue. Before you read any further, I admit that I am a lawyer. However, I have no interests in products liability litigation, and I represent both plaintiffs and defendants in civil lawsuits.

Eastland righteously and rightfully complains about the disservice that NBC provided its viewers, but then provides his reader the same disservice. Eastland complains that NBC made statements "so incomplete as to be false," and then writes in the same fashion.

During his discussion of expert witness Byron Bloch, for example, the author makes much of the fact that Bloch "is trained in neither auto safety nor engineering." Come now, Mr. Eastland, Mr. Bloch must have some expertise in this area or the court would not permit him to testify. Eastland makes Bloch sound as though he were the equivalent of a science fiction writer testifying in court.

Mr. Eastland also makes much of the fact that the attorney representing the Moseleys works on a contingency-fee basis. The author complains that if the attorney prevails he receives a net of one-third or more of huge damage awards. He doesn't mention that if the lawyer does not prevail the lawyer does not receive payment for his services. If one goes to a PR "flack" for his efforts to produce a particular result and the result is not obtained, the fees of the PR "flack" are still paid. If one goes to a physician seeking a cure and the cure is not obtained, the fees of the doctor are still paid. If one goes to a CPA for advice on how to handle the reporting of one's income and the IRS chooses to audit your return and demand more tax, the CPA is still paid his fee. Only the contingency fee lawyer bears the risk of not getting paid if he does not prevail on behalf of his client. Be fair, Mr. Eastland, point out the other side. . . .

—*Daniel F. Svidro*
Washington, Pennsylvania

Airman

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is absolutely right ("Public Radio's Anti-Semites," *TAS*, June 1993). The Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB) has an obligation under law to insure that taxpayer money is being spent wisely. If it cannot do its job, the only solution taxpayers have is to cut off federal dollars.

At a time of massive deficits—when Congress is looking for government programs to eliminate—the shameful fumbling surrounding Pacifica's hate broadcasts should place the Corporation for Public Broadcasting at the top of everybody's list.

—*Laurence Jarvik, Director*
Center for the Study of Popular Culture
Washington, D.C.

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New York Times

The pitiable mental condition of Our President when during nationally televised press conferences the words "original deadline" are directed his way:

Q. Mr. President, the original deadline for the unveiling of your —
A. I'm sorry. That's a great tie. I just lost it for a moment. I wish the American people could see this tie. Go ahead, I'm sorry.

[June 18, 1993]

Free Lance-Star

(Fredericksburg, Virginia)

Oh horror! Oh shame! The oracle of Spotsylvania County, Miss Catherine Schaffner, reveals the true identity of yet another Clinton Democrat, to the displeasure and embarrassment of *the religious right*:

Liberalism has been blamed for all of society's ills short of natural disasters. Yet when the Carnegie Foundation did a study of America, they found that with few exceptions, only the liberals have gone down in history as national heroes.

Why do you suppose that is? What is a liberal anyway? My dictionary defines "liberal" as "favoring progress or reform; not intolerant or prejudiced; generous, lavish in giving." . . .

Who was the biggest bleeding-heart liberal of them all? Jesus Christ, that's who. Excuse me, no disrespect intended, but the religious right doesn't own Jesus. The Jesus I know was no Bible-thumper. In fact he wasn't even a biblical literalist. He followed the spirit, not the letter of the Bible, and he had but one test for righteousness—the test of neighborliness: "Did you feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit those in prison, heal the sick? If you were neighborly to the least of these, you were neighborly to me."

I doubt if he would ever approve of welfare cuts to the poor.

[June 7, 1993]

McLaughlin Group

At the American equivalent of the Oxford Union, Mr. Fred Barnes suffers a severe set-back from the cerebral Miss Eleanor Clift, leading proponent of the American school of illogical positivism:

Mr. Barnes: I'll tell you—no, I'll tell you what it was. Look, this woman has had four hairdressers. The Clintons have tried to present themselves as these down-home folks from Arkansas—they're populists. Populists don't have four hairdressers in three months.

Ms. Clift: But she doesn't have them all at the same time.

[May 21, 1993]

Publishers Weekly

PW announces the forthcoming publication of more infantilia from one of the untutorable dopefetchers of the 1960s, the 1960s, the 1960s, and on into their absurd dotage, which generally hits these wretches when they turned 35:

HYMN TO THE REBEL CAFE
Edward Sanders. Black Sparrow, $13. ISBN 0-87685-899-X; cloth $25 -900-7

Sanders, founder of the rock group The Fugs and editor of *F--- You/A Magazine of the Arts*, has been connected with almost every aspect of the counterculture. In his writing, he has consistently concentrated on social inequities, the environment and violence while gossiping cheerfully about like-minded poets such as the late Ted Berrigan or Jerome Rothenberg. This volume is not significantly different from his earlier work. The poems are still irreverent, still laced with an easygoing, goofy comic quality ("The cafes come/The cafes wane/but the best and the final rebel cafe/is inside the human brain"). His message—"The worst drug/is the culture of greed, demolishment/& destruction of open land"—isn't subtle, but it's hard to disagree with. . . . *(June)*

[May 24, 1993]

Congressional Record

In the course of another historic debate on the floor of the United States House of Representatives, the Hon. Barney Frank (D-Massachusetts) selects an unsettling rhetorical prop for use before a basically heterosexual audience:

Mr. Speaker, we have heard a lot about the gag rule. Well, I was reading a book the other day about how things are done, and it talked about how to become a sword swallower. You have to learn how to master your gag reflex and suppress it.

But my colleagues on the other side have gone it one better: they have a gag reflex they can turn on and off. Sometimes, they can swallow easily, sometimes they cannot.

[May 27, 1993]

Oklahoma Gazette

In a lusty, gutsy, macho column on *l'affaire* Hill-Thomas, University of Oklahoma Professor William W. Savage, Jr. displays a memorable example of the New Sincerity that has swept Academe, revealing college profs not as nerds and fuss-budgets as had hitherto been their estate but as masters of the Primeval Howl, as Stanley Kowalskis with hairy chests and bushy nose hair, as genuine toughies:

Brock's book is hooey. I watched those hearings. I saw that twitchy little tub sitting there, eyes spastic, sweat beading upon his brow, claiming to be a victim of a high-tech lynching. And I watched her, calm, dignified, stating the unpleasant case. Inasmuch as I'd been around the block a couple of times and could almost always recognize a slimeball when I saw one, I figured he wouldn't be squirming like a toad on a stick unless she was right on the money.

[May 6, 1993]

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San Francisco Chronicle

On the op-ed page of a great American daily, another neurotic lectures:

On a false spring day months ago, I bought a pair of sandals. They were made of richly polished, smooth leather and reasonably priced. Best of all, they were comfortable and an ideal accessory for the months ahead.

But the weather turned cold again and the sandals languished in their box until I, the ultimate shopper, contemplated returning them. Summer seemed so far away.

But by late April, winter had passed, and it was definitely time to take the sandals out and wear them. As I unwrapped the tissue paper, I suddenly noticed the stamp on the soles: "Made in Bosnia."

I stared in disbelief. Could there really be factories in that distant land where shoes were being made while anarchy reigned? And could I, in good faith, wear them?

Which side of the conflict would I be supporting by my action? What had happened to the factory and the people who worked there?

I didn't wear the shoes. I can't. They're back in their box, in my closet, waiting. For what? I don't know.

[June 1, 1993]

The Nation

Sentimental flapdoodle from Miss Barbara Ehrenreich, author not surprisingly of *The Worst Years of Our Lives*, essaying the historic record of that hellish country that, not long ago, developed such breakthroughs in military science as "limited war" and "graduated escalation":

Americans are not known for their restraint in matters involving armed confrontation. There is a tendency, in fact, to flip into a state of uncontrollable, wolfish rage—*lyssa* was the ancient Greek word for it—whenever the slightest opportunity arises for the exercise of lethal force. A uniformed American with firepower is much like a 3-year old with a garden hose: someone in whose presence no one can expect to remain dry and composed for long. . . .

Armed overkill has become the rule. Think of Panama, where hundreds—thousands?—were killed in the process of a single arrest. Or Iraq, where thousands were incinerated to "send a message" to Saddam Hussein.

[May 24, 1993]

Washington Post

Someone by the name of Keith poeticizes on someone by the name of Guinier in the Style section of the New Age:

Guinier clerked two years for Keith, the middle years of the 1970s. The judge was struck by her blend of mental firepower and common horse sense. He liked the way she analyzed a case, and he liked that she often went dancing. She seemed such a well-rounded person, and so *nice*. One day, said Keith, he was instructing a jury and told them to retire to the jury room to choose a foreman.

Later, there was a note on his desk. "She asked me to please try to say 'foreperson' because maybe that would help them think about selecting a woman. I remember that kind of sensitivity and that discreet way of letting me know."

[June 4, 1993]

New York Times

Times reporter R.W. Apple reports on a recent conversation with Our President in which this great big lovable lug of a pol displays his amazing capacity to have it both ways. On the one hoof he acknowledges that he was wrong to nominate a person whose perverse writings he had not read and on the other hoof he says that those who had read and remarked on their perversities are guilty of "right-wing distortion and vilification"—the sentiments of a perfect ass:

He acknowledged that he had been wrong to nominate Ms. Guinier without first reading her legal articles carefully; wrong to assume, when they caused controversy, that she could still be confirmed because people would know that Attorney General Janet Reno, not Ms. Guinier, would set department policy, and wrong to let political pressures build to the bursting point before deciding what he ought to do. . . . And he spoke with ill-concealed bitterness about what he described as "a campaign of right-wing distortion and vilification" in the news media, mentioning with particular scorn an April 30 *Wall Street Journal* op-ed article by Clint Bolick, a longtime associate of Justice Clarence Thomas of the Supreme Court.

[June 5, 1993]

RUSH'S CORNER

Steppin' Out

In the pages of one of the Republic's preeminent journals of the arts, Mr. Roger Clinton, brother and artistic adviser to Our President, pays the Clinton administration's highest tribute to The Patriot Limbaugh:

Speaking of radio personalities, what's your opinion of Rush Limbaugh?

I think he is a joke and an embarrassment. I think he is very symbolic of why this country is in the shape that it is in.

Limbaugh makes it no secret that he thinks your brother shouldn't be President of the United States. Does that bother you?

He has no heart and he's not an American. All he wants to do is put the leader of America down everyday. He's not even willing to compromise or support my brother in any fashion. Whenever you claim to be an American and then you publicly put down the leader of America, that's a double standard and you're not an American. And you sure shouldn't be allowed to have a television or radio show. That's an embarrassment. Can you imagine that his television show is taking up a valuable time slot that could be used to educate children. Instead you got some fat pig on the TV and radio that couldn't think his way out of a damn box of alphabet cereal. He's a joke.

Does your brother consider him a problem?

No, how could he be a problem to anyone? He's just a disgusting individual. Rush Limbaugh is a traitor. Whenever you're a part of a country and you don't support the leader you're a traitor, period. And if he's a traitor, then let's get him the hell out. I'm sick of him.

[June 17, 1993]

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matic glitter or condensation of Green's contemporaries; events bud and flower with a quiet inevitability that includes the human tendency to misunderstand.

Green, who saw two movies a day at Oxford, drank in the morning throughout adulthood, and later described himself as a "novel-a-day man," cannot be described as having been on good terms with "reality." Physical actuality—details of light, of interaction—takes on a neurasthenic vividness in his work, especially the actual words of communication, which Green studied with an anthropologist's fascination. Green was intensely aware of the different ways that very simple things can be said, once enumerating 138 ways that a wife can say "Will you be long?" to a husband going to the pub. Common speech, by its very frequency of usage, takes on meanings beyond itself, and also obscures its meaning, and Green is alive to the misunderstandings. Each small event, each line of dialogue, is used for what people will make of it.

Green is an odd man out among his contemporaries, but it's wrong to say that the subjects that animated them—anomie, snobbery—did not animate him. His anomie was so pronounced it drove him from the company of his natural companions, whom he eventually called his "much hated old friends"; his snobbery was so unbearable he bent it back on himself, admiring those whom he could also feel superior to, the neat trick of the anti-snob. With a romanticism that reminds one of great English travel writers like Richard Burton or Wilfred Thesiger—or Charles Montagu Doughty, whom he particularly revered—Green spent his life traversing a personal Arabia Deserta created by the imperatives of his oddly formed psyche. He studied those around him, whether the flat-cap-and-cloth-coat underworld of the English working man, or the cosmopolitan London set he was a part of.

Green did not leave the house in the final years of his life—explicitly fearing violence. It takes a great deal of agoraphobia for a man to treat a privileged life of the twentieth century as a trek through some waterless Empty Quarter, "where it was held a merit to kill Christians for their faith, and fair sport to murder any traveller, whatever his religion, for loot." However, if one reads Green's accounts of persecution of aesthetes at Oxford, considers the philistinism of his country and class, and substitutes the words "artist" and "writer" for "Christian" and "traveller," it will perhaps become apparent what he was on about.

Pack My Bag is a memoir Green wrote in the late thirties under the impression that he would be killed in the coming war. Green grew up in a large house near the Severn River in Gloucestershire. His mother was a Wyndham, and had a sharp tongue and little education. His father was a businessman of aristocratic and Dutch descent. They were distant, "selfish" in his opinion, and inhabit the background of the book like the Tennants in *Loving*. Henry liked to fish and to play billiards; he didn't really like to hunt.

Being a child, he wrote, "is to have things taken from one all the time." In World War I, their house served as a hospital filled with wounded men abashed by their surroundings, intent on seducing the maids, desperate at the prospect of returning to the trenches. Green compared his first school to a fascist state. At "the school down the river" which is Green's coy name for Eton, he was variously sheltered by the reputation of his athlete brother, tortured by snobbery, and a member of the Arts Society, which also included Acton, Powell, Connolly, and Brian Howard, none of whom is mentioned by name.

At Oxford he drank heavily, went to those two movies a day, according to his friend Powell, and belonged to the rambunctious Hypocrites Club. He also played billiards for the school, and says he sent a band of hearties intent on doing damage on their way by saying they might harm his hands. Artistically among the most uncompromising of his contemporaries, Green was never particularly comfortable with the aesthete's pose. Its cultivation of a personality calculated to cause amusement or outrage was unsuited to his self-effacing nature. Of Oxford he said, "The days were a stupor, until, in the evening with a few quick drinks, the mind was lit again by the daylight of whiskey with friends."

The book ends with Green leaving Oxford to go work in his father's factory in Birmingham. *Pack My Bag*, in fact, reads like one of those privately printed memoirs by the prosperous head of a middling company—which is what Green was. It might be too much to expect a man who always kept his bedroom "bare of possessions" that might give away his personality to write a particularly revealing memoir, and Henry Green did not.

The prose collection *Surviving* is valuable only as it prefigures its author's later accomplishments. There is the early story "Adventure in a Room," a precursor to his first novel *Blindness*. The story doesn't work, but the quality of the prose leaves one a bit agog at the 18-year-old who produced it. There is the short story "Mood," which Green envisioned as a novel but couldn't complete. It strikingly evokes a girl's inner life through her memories of a beloved friend who has been married. In another story, "The Great Eye I," a man lies hung over on his bed, in "bad odour" with his wife who "seemed to take care not to look at him," and considers his drunken actions of the previous night.

One of the best pieces is a *Paris Review* interview by Terry Southern, who asks Green, "Is your work too subtle for American readers?"

> GREEN: I don't follow. *Suttee*, as I understand it, is the suicide—now forbidden—of a Hindu wife on her husband's flaming bier. I don't want my wife to do that when my time comes—
> SOUTHERN: I said *subtle*.
> GREEN: Oh, "subtle." How dull.

His words on Doughty are appropriate in light of his own wanderings:

> What might be held affectation, his pleasure that he was no longer taken for a rich stranger amongst them, is found to be the expression of a great need he had to get away unnoticed, for, unlike almost any traveller, he had no love for those whose company he chose, so far from the habitation of those others whom, sitting before their coal fires in the month of June, although he never says so, he liked no better, this monumentally lonely man.

In the end, the details of Green's life are sufficiently explained. Garnett's question goes unanswered, though, which is disappointing. For the important thing is less what caused Green to descend into the Marianas Trench of life in a bathyscaphe of Gordon's gin than how he was able to get across to us that he'd been there. ❐

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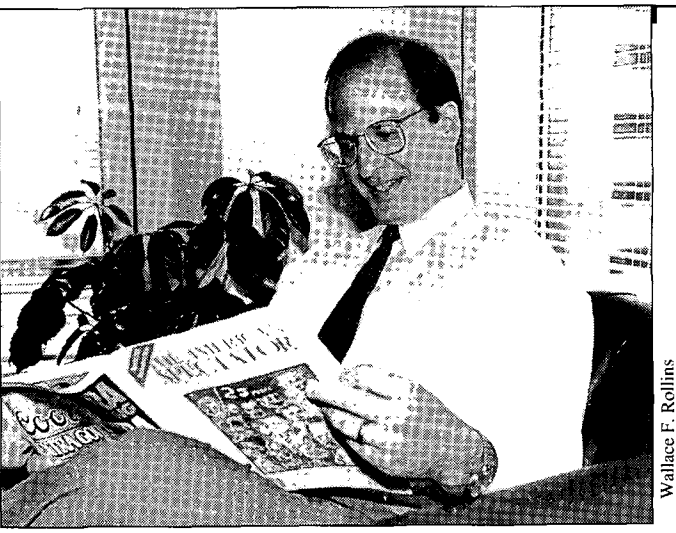

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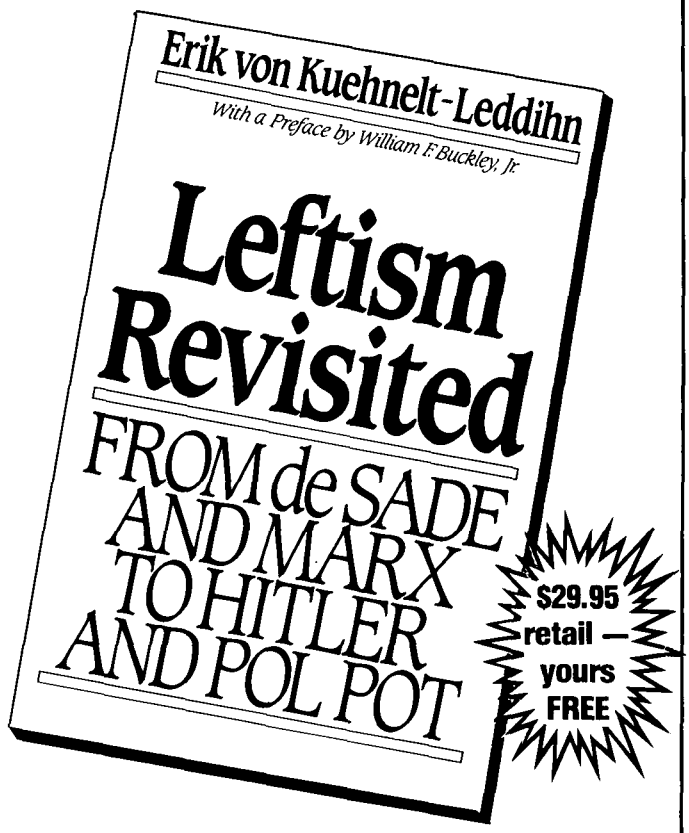
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